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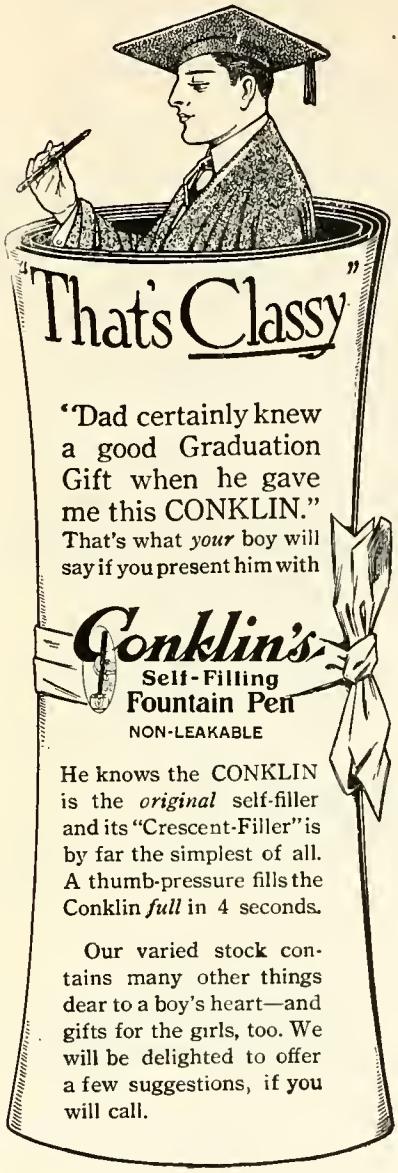

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Who Does Not Read The SATURDAY NEWS?

Birds and Nests.

By Annie Malin.

I awoke from sleep one morning,—it was in the early spring;
With eye still closed I listened,—I could hear a robin sing.
In fancy I could hear him tell about a pretty nest;
Just a tiny home he wanted for the ones he loved the best.
And I heard a cheerful chirping among the tree-tops tall,
Then his mate flew past my window-sill in answer to his call.

I arose and soon was walking 'mid the glory of the morn
The air with fragrance laden seemed to greet the day new-born.
I had built a tiny dwelling just beyond the old plum-tree,
And I wondered if a tenant might be waiting there for me.
As I slyly glanced toward it, I caught the glint of wings;
And I heard the note of rapture in the song the blue-bird sings.

He had brought his mate to see the house; their approval was made clear;
For he sang to her his love-song, I could hear his sweet, "dear, dear;"
Then they halted on the door-sill,—the blue-bird and his bride—
And I wondered if he whispered of a little nest inside.
Dear little birds so happy, so filled with joy and love—
Gentle breezes caught their music sweet, and wafted it above.

So I left them to their planning and I crossed the rippling stream;
But their music lingered with me like the memory of a dream.
I paused beneath a pine-tree, like a sentry tall and strong,
And from the boughs above me came a siskin's plantive song.
All they ask, I murmured softly, as I caught that wooing tone
Is a tiny nest with babies blest,—a place to call their own.

I went home just as the sun rose; soon I heard a loving call;
Then came Donald and wee Teddy and the baby, queen of all.
Within my arms I held her as the two ran on before—
To where their mother waited just outside our cottage door.
With arms still clasping baby, I drew her to my breast:
"'Tis my Kingdom,dear," I whispered,"just my loved ones in their nest."

PHOTOGRAPH OF RELICS OF THE NAUVOO TEMPLE

Showing Base of One of the Pilasters with Crescent Moon in Hewn Relief. Howard R. Driggs and Dr. John Z. Brown, on the left.

"On the outside were thirty pilasters, nine on each side and six at each end. At its base each pilaster presented in hewn relief the crescent moon, and ended above in a capital of cut stone depicting the face of the sun allegorically featured, with a pair of hands holding horns."—"The House of the Lord," by James E. Talmage.

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

VOL. L. JUNE, 1915. No. 6.

Nauvoo, the Beautiful.

By Howard R. Driggs.

Nauvoo is the mother of Mormon cities. Its wide streets, laid out squarely with the compass; the substantial old buildings that have weathered the storms of more than sixty years without serious decay; the home-like appearance of the town in general—all give such a Mormon cast to the place as makes a Latter-day Saint instinctively feel at home in Nauvoo.

"There ain't another site equal to it, the whole length of the Mississippi," an old resident of Illinois said to me; "any riverman will tell you that. Why, when that temple was standin', we could see it for miles up and down stream. It's a wicked shame the building was demolished. Every man with any sense was proud of that fine structure." The old man's tone was full of regret.

It was during the summer of 1906 that I first saw Nauvoo. In company with Leo Fairbanks, I took a run down from Chicago to visit the historical scenes. We reached Montrose, Iowa, about dusk, and were taken across the Mississippi in a gasoline launch.

I shall always remember that summer night when we walked up from the landing. The lightning bugs were flashing everywhere, while other night insects played their lively little tunes from the sultry cornfields that bordered the road.

We found our way to the old home of Brigham Young in lower Nauvoo. A family of Saints, to whom we had been directed, lived there. They received us kindly, gave us supper and a bed in the historic old house. The next morning was the Sabbath. It dawned beautifully, and we spent it quietly wandering about Nauvoo, walking leisurely along its grassy streets, lingering about the old landmarks.

How like our home towns it was! How familiar everything seemed! Each turn of the road brought back some name we knew. Here was the home of John Taylor, beside it, his old printing house; there were the houses

of Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Woodruff, Edward Hunter, Sidney Rigdon, Lyman Wight, Lorenzo Young, and scores of others, whose names are household words among the Latter-day Saints.

The Mansion House of the Prophet was full of interest, as was also the

NEARING NAUVOO.

Back to boyhood scenes after sixty-three Years.

home of his parents and the grave of Emma Smith, near it. Across the street also stands the River House, a building begun for a hotel, by the Prophet; and finished by Major Bidamon, who married Emma Smith some years after the martyrdom.

Everybody we met was kind and ready to give helpful directions. Only one echo of the troublous days came to us, and that was from an old bent man whom we met on Parley's Street. He was hobbling home to dinner and seemed to take it rather unkindly that we stopped him to ask some questions about the Mormons; but he did wait

WHERE THE MORMONS LANDED, ON THE IOWA SHORE.

long enough to say rather boastfully that his "father was one of the mob that druv 'em out."

Most of the other people with whom we talked expressed the desire to have the Mormons come back. "Nauvoo," said one man, "has been a dead town ever since they left." We were especially amused with the remarks of a good-natured Dutchman, who piloted us around the temple block. On learn-

SEEING THE SIGHTS—NAUVOO.

ing that we were Utah Mormons, he said, "Come on, I like you fellers. Don't you know," he continued, "Ve had kind of a revival vid your mis-

AN OLD NAUVOO HOME.

sionaries here lately, and dey give us some purty good preachin'. Den dere come to us a veek or so after some of dese Iowa Mormons. I didn't know that were vas two breeds of Mormon Saints till den. Dem fellers give us purty good preachin', too, for vun or two days; and den they begins to tear down you Utah Mormons, an' ve most of us got up and left. You know," he added, "I don't like dis destruction business; vat ve vant you constructionist Mormons to come and build dis town up."

Some two years later I had another very interesting visit to Nauvoo, this time in company with my dear old Father, Uncle Fred Cox, of Manti, and Dr. John Z. Brown. It was one of the rare trips of my life to go over the old places with men who had spent their boyhood amid these scenes when times were tense with historic action.

We stayed at the Occidental Hotel, the proprietor of which, Mr. Reimbold, was full of the lore of the place. He had a fine collection of relics of early Nauvoo, with maps, pictures, and other things that helped us greatly to get the spirit of the early times. The two days we spent were made rich with memories.

It was remarkable how father, after sixty-three years absence, could recall the old scenes so vividly. He led us

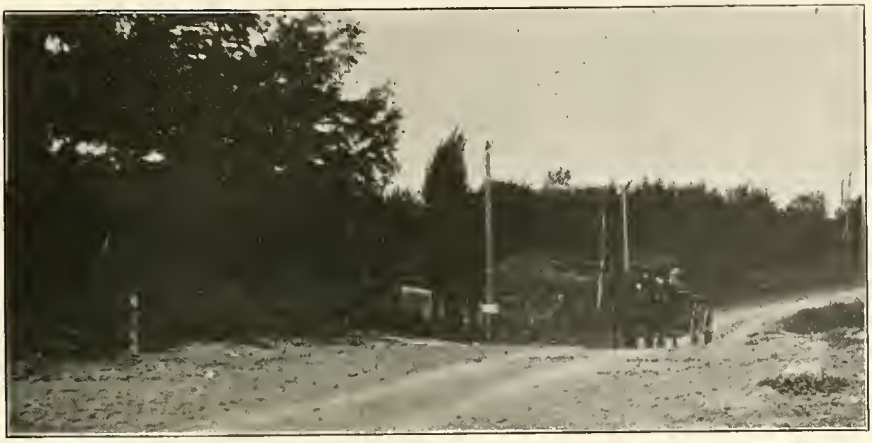
THE OLD WELL ON THE TEMPLE LOT.

LYMAN WIGHT'S HOUSE, PARLEY STREET.

about the city, recalling names of the streets, and designating the various old buildings, as if it were but yesterday since he had left the place. "The Lathrop Store stood on this corner," he said, as we were walking up Mulholland street. "I was here one day when Porter Rockwell and Sheriff Backentos came riding into town, their horses all foaming and ready to drop. They stood in front of this store, and got some whiskey and poured it down one of the horse's necks; then they rode on, leaving the crowd full of excitement. We learned afterwards that they had just killed Frank World, the leader of a mob that was coming towards Nauvoo."

"That was the old Expositor building," he said, pointing to an old brick structure. "When the printing plant was destroyed, they threw the type out

THE MANSION HOUSE.



ROAD TO CARTHAGE.

into the muddy street, and we boys picked up a lot of it, and used it to print our names."

But father's heart was most touched when we came upon his grandfather's old house, still standing among the trees in the southeastern part of the city.

"I believe it's the place," he said, as we walked up. "Let's find out." A gray-haired lady responded to our knock at the door.

"We think this was once my grandfather's home," said he, explaining our visit. "If it is, I think I can tell just how it looks inside." He went on to describe the fireplace, the pantry, the stairway, and the arrangement of the rooms.

"You are right," said the lady, "Only we have torn the pantry out. The house once belonged to Uriel Driggs. Is he the man you mean?"

"He was my grandfather," replied father, and the good woman kindly invited us to make ourselves at home in his old home. Tears came into father's eyes as he sat down and told how his grandfather used to nurse him as a little boy before the old fireplace.

We found many other historic places; the old Mormon cemetery in Casper's Hollow, along the Carthage

LOOKING ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI—AT NAUVOO.

HOME OF URIEL DRIGGS.

road, the Wells and Robinson farms, the houses of Wilson Law, Zebedee Coltrin, Nymphus Murdock, Howard Coray, Parley P. Pratt, and many others. The battleground of the Nauvoo battle was pointed out to us by Mr. Reimbold; and we were directed over the Temple Grounds by another friend we had found. Only the well that supplied the font is left to tell the tale of the remarkable building. The stones of the structure have been scattered even into other states.

The people who made the history of the places are scattered, too, far and wide. Few folk remain to recall the stirring days gone by. There are practically no Latter-day Saints left. An alien people fills the streets and cultivates the fields. We met, during our first visit, with a handful of newly-converted members of the Church and some friends, and addressed the little gathering. The response they gave was full of kindly spirit.

"It seems so good," said one sister, not of our faith, "to hear a Gospel talk once more. Do you know," she

GRAVE OF EMMA SMITH.

went on, "that I haven't heard a sermon for about six months?"

"How is that?" we asked; "Don't you have religious services here regularly?"

"We did," she returned, "but our pastor got a better offer elsewhere and left us. Then we were about to sign a contract with another one, when some other place gave him more, and we have been without a preacher ever since."

It struck us rather strangely that here in Nauvoo, a city founded for the Gospel's sake, that any heart could be hungering for the Gospel.

Yet, despite the other changes that time has wrought, nature is still kind to Nauvoo. It stands on the same splendid wooded, grassy, rolling hills over-looking the mighty Mississippi, which swings in a graceful horseshoe bend around the lower part of the city. The rolling slopes are covered with vineyards, grapes in luscious abundance being produced from the fertile soil, and shipped by the trainload to Chicago and other markets. It is rather a tribute to the good sense and taste of the Latter-day Saints that they selected so rich and beautiful a site for this mother of Mormon Cities.

Nauvoo is beautiful, not only from its natural view-points, but from its wealth of memories. A visit to it brings a rich reward.

Official Announcement.

Our attention having been called to the different forms of spelling the proper name Melchizedek (as, for example: Melchisedek, Melchizedec, Melchisedec, etc.), at our request Dr. James E. Talmage made a critical investigation of the subject with a view to learning the biblical and philological consensus of authority and opinion concerning it. In harmony with Elder Talmage's report and expressing our own views, the Council of the Presidency and Apostles has decided that the proper noun, and the adjective as applied to the High Priesthood, should be spelled MELCHIZEDEK, in all publications of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, as it appears in the Old Testament and Book of Mormon.

JOSEPH F. SMITH,
ANTHON H. LUND,
CHARLES W. PENROSE,
First Presidency.

The President's Prayer.

O, Lord of nations! make me strong
  For all that I should do,
Help me distinguish right from wrong,
  And keep me sound and true.
Thy counsel in the hour of doubt
  I earnestly implore,
Put all my country's foes to rout,
  Protect it evermore.

Let me not feel my honors new
  So much that I forget
That Washington and Lincoln too,
  In spirit lead us yet.
Teach me humility to suit,
  And to remember still,
That I am pledged to execute
  The sovereign people's will.

—Minna Irving in "Leslie's Weekly."

The Child.*

By William A. Morton.

I sincerely hope and pray, my brethren and sisters, that while I speak to you for a few minutes on the subject announced in the program, I may have

WILLIAM A. MORTON.

your sympathy and support, and the Spirit of the Lord. My subject is "The Child."

I do not believe that any one was ever more misundertsood and misrepresented than He in whose name we have gathered this evening, in whose service we are engaged as Sunday School workers, and whose resurrection we are today commemorating. So misunderstood was He that just prior to the moment He expired upon the cross, He lifted up His voice in a prayer to His heavenly Father, saying, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." To some people He was the very prince of the devils. Others said of Him, "He has a devil, and is mad;" to others, He was a gluttonous man and a wine bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners. Others, a little higher up, looked upon Him as a Teacher come from God, for they felt that no man could perform the miracles that He performed except God were with Him. To others He was a reincarnation of John the Baptist. To others he was Elias, to others Jeremiah. To others He was one of the prophets. There were very few who could say of him, as Peter said, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God."

And perhaps, next to the Christ, no one has ever been more misunderstood than the child. The child has been beaten, he has been thwarted, but he has not been understood. It is very easy to beat a child; it is easy to thwart a child. It is a very hard thing to understand a child.

I remember, about fifteen years ago, I was in a Sunday School, when a man stood up to address the gathering. He was a very good man. He could discourse intelligently on a variety of subjects. But he did not understand child nature. In the course of his remarks a row of little kindergarten children on the front seat began to whisper. That annoyed him very much, and addressing the children, he said, "Will you children there on that front seat please keep quiet while I am talking?" That quieted them for a few seconds. The speaker kept on talking over their heads. In a few minutes the children began to whisper again, and he said, "Didn't I tell you children down there to keep quiet while I was talking?" They kept quiet

*Remarks made at the Sunday School Union held April 4, 1915, at Tabernacle, Salt Lake City.

for a short time. Then the little children began to whisper again, when the man said, "If I were the superintendent of this Sunday School, I would see that you children kept quiet while a person was talking." And the superintendent of the Sunday School was heard to say to one of his assistants, "If he were the superintendent of this Sunday School he would have more sense."

I think that that good man had the impression that those children were talking just to be disobedient to his commands, when nothing could have been farther away from their little minds. They did not talk just to annoy him. Children often do things that are wrong, but you may put it down as a fact that they do not do them because they are wrong. And so those little children were not talking to aggravate that man; they were not doing that. It was their little human natures rebelling against such injustice—to be kept perfectly still for twenty minutes while a man spoke to them in an unknown tongue. It was their little souls longing to get down into the kindergarten department, where they would find teachers who would, in a measure, at least, understand them, and who would teach them something within their comprehension. Now, it might have helped that man a great deal, if he had imagined himself in the place of one of those children, and the child in his place. The only way that we can treat children fairly is by treating them as we would like them to treat us if we were in their place and they were in ours.

Away along in the seventies, in a little district school in Ireland, there was a boy who was branded as a dunce,—a blockhead. One day a gentleman making a tour through the country happened to come to that little schoolhouse. The children were singing one of their songs. He waited till they had finished, and then he lifted the latch and went in. As he entered he saw a number of little boys and girls sitting on old rough benches. The man said, "What a nice little school! What nice little boys and girls." Just then his eye caught sight of a little boy over in the corner, his face towards the wall, and he crying. The visitor made his way over to the boy, and asked, "What is the matter?" The old schoolmaster spoke sharply, saying, "Leave him alone, please; leave him alone; he is a regular blockhead; you couldn't teach him anything." But the gentleman continued to pat the boy on the head, and said: "Never mind, little man, some day you may be a great man." The boy could scarcely believe his ears. He had never heard anything like that before. All that he had heard in the schoolroom, from the schoolmaster, was "dunce," "blockhead." But here was a man who seemed to have faith in him, who really believed that under his little coat there were buttoned up the possibilities of a great man. Yes, and the day came when the words of the American gentleman were fulfilled to the letter, for the boy became a great man—the celebrated Dr. Adam Clark. There was a dunce in that school. There was a blockhead there, but he wasn't the boy. What did that school teacher know about that boy? What did he know about the struggles the little fellow was having trying to hold his place in the class? Nothing. The teacher came to school with a lot of adult ideas, and he wanted that boy to conform to them. It was a case of conformity with him. It was not development at all. That little boy could have said, "Oh, teacher, teacher, you do not understand me. You are standing all the time on the plane of the teacher; why don't you come down to my plane? Why don't you try to see things as I see them? Why don't you try to draw me out, because I don't want to be a dunce, I don't want to be a blockhead."

I remember Brother Talmage, a number of years ago, telling us about a very knotty problem that he was

trying to solve. He prayed to the Lord about it; he burned the midnight oil over it: it remained unsolved. One Sunday he went to a Sunday School, and while visiting an intermediate class, one of the boys got up to speak on the lesson, and while that boy was speaking he gave Brother Talmage the key to the solution of that problem. Yes, and it would be a very good thing for us as Sunday School teachers, if we would try to learn from the children as well as trying to get the children to learn from us. They can teach us many things.

Not so many years ago the doctrine was taught that when a little child came into the world, he came here with the condemnation of God upon him; that he was "conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity," and if the dear little innocent died before he received the ordinance of sprinkling, he was consigned to a place of everlasting torment. There is one good thing about that doctrine, and that is—it is not true. And now churches that promulgated that doctrine are willing to acknowledge that their teachers made a mistake, that the countless thousands of little innocents who died in infancy and were consigned to this place of everlasting torment never reached their destination. This is very consoling.

Now, I thank God from the depths of my heart and soul for the light that has come to you and me concerning these little children that we are engaged in teaching. We are not praying, as they prayed a number of years ago, for the child to be converted to God. We are praying today that he may never be converted *from* God. That is what we are prayng. What do you kindergarten and primary teachers see when you look into the little children's faces? When you look at the little ones Sunday morning, what do you see? Just little bits of humanity five years of age and three feet high? Is that all you see? Well, then, you don't see much. But if you look closely, I will tell you what you will see. You will see in those little children the offspring of God. That is how the Latter-day Saints look upon little children: as the offspring of God, created in the image of God, their ultimate destiny to be Gods. They are the children of the King. That is the way we look at them, and I would remind you, my fellow-teachers, that the children of a king ought to be treated with great respect. And so, when we look at these little children, do not let us look upon them as little bits of humanity, but let us look upon them as immortal souls, and treat them as such.

I was driving through the country a few days ago. I came to a railroad crossing. There was a signboard at it. I guess you have all seen it. It preaches a sermon to us Sunday School teachers. It says: "Stop, look, listen." So I would say to Sunday School teachers, "Stop, and ask yourselves the questions, "What am I going to teach the little children next Sunday? How am I going to teach it, and what effect is it going to have upon the lives of those children?" I think that these are good questions for us to stop and ask ourselves. "Look!" I have not got the eye of a seer, yet in looking away down the track of years, what do I see? Why, my brethren and sisters, I see thousands of vacancies in the Church of Christ. I see vacancies in the Quorum of the Twelve. I see vacancies in the presidencies of Stakes, in the High Councils, in the bishoprics of wards, in superintendencies of Sunday Schools, in stake boards. I see vacancies by the thousand in the different organizations. Who are going to fill those vacancies? Why, thousands of the little boys and girls that you and I are teaching today. These are the ones who are going to fill those vacancies: the boys and girls of today who will be the men and women of tomorrow. We are not to teach just something; we are to teach *for* some-

thing. That is more than teaching just something. Are we teaching them to be ready for the call that God will make upon them? "Listen!" What do I hear? I hear the call for thousands of laborers to work in the vineyard of the Lord. These are the things that I see and hear when I stop, when I look, and when I listen. The work of the Sunday School teacher, then, is to prepare these boys and girls for a life of service to God and a life of service to their fellowmen. It is a great work. It is, indeed. It is enough to make us tremble at the very thought of it. But it is a consolation to know that we are not working alone. It is a consolation to know that He who sent these little children to the earth is interested in their eternal welfare, even far more than we are. No matter how much we Sunday School workers are interested in these children, their Father in heaven is interested a thousand times more. I don't care how much love we have for these little ones, our heavenly Father has a thousand times more love for them. It is a glorious thought to think, a glorious thing to know, that God holds in His hand not only the destiny of nations, but also the destiny of every little boy and girl under our care today. Jesus said, "My Father worketh, and I work," and it is a glorious thing to know that we are co-partners with God, that while we are working He is working, too.

I sincerely hope that we shall ever keep before us the admonition of the Savior: "See that ye offend not one of these little ones;" and that we will also keep in mind His words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto these little ones of mine, ye have done it unto me."

May the Lord help us to understand the children and to teach them aright, I humbly pray, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

DOUGLAS BRANCH SUNDAY SCHOOL, CALIFORNIA MISSION

Enrollment 132. Superintendent, J. P. Lewis; First Assistant, Wm. C. Huish; Second Assistant, Jesse M. Huish.

British Children and the World War.

By Florence L. Lancaster.

III.

Every evening now George Perry came, as soon as he could get away from the estate-office in which he was employed as clerk, to spend some time with Auntie May; frequently prevailing upon her, the early-closing day, to accompany him to some spot where the waning summer reigned, oblivious of the city's din. After parting from him May would join the little circle in the home sitting-room silent and depressed. One night, after spending an evening out with her fiance, she retired weeping to her room, and said that she did not want any supper. Nancy supposed that the usually bright nature was unstrung by her brother's tragic death. Aunt Ellen surmised, in addition, a lover's quarrel. Nellie, however, guessed the truth, which May presently proclaimed: George had caught the fever to enlist; and though she had entreated him not to throw away his life and break her heart, he had replied that he could not continue to feel himself a man if he shirked what seemed to him his duty, quoting finally the words that echo down the centuries from a brave yet gentle heart:

> "Yet this inconstancy is such
> As thou too shalt adore:
> I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more."

There was nothing for it, May said sadly, but to resign herself to his going. So George relinquished his business, and went to the barracks relegated by the authorities to drill. And now the last day of May's brief broken holiday had come, and she must needs take up the old routine of the typewriting office on the morrow. "I wish I had one more day of respite," she said. "I envy you teachers, Nellie, your long vacations."

"The *first day* will be horribly hard, I know, dear," her sister replied; mentally reflecting, however, that the daily stress and interest of her work would perhaps prove the best antidote to May's sore heart.

Next morning the somewhat late holiday breakfast was replaced by the more usual earlier meal. Nancy begged to accompany Auntie May to the street corner where she took the 'bus; there Auntie said "Au revoir," with a bright smile at her little niece, and Nancy replied, by way of a little translation, "this evening."

To the surprise of Nancy and her two remaining aunts, however, within an hour a light step was heard on the stairs, and the young lady returned.

"Forgotten your note-books, May?" her sister queried, surmising that the sum of her recent troubles had made her absent-minded. But no, May had forgotten nothing; she gave them the explanation of her untimely return: She had taken the lift up to the fifth floor office as usual, but on reaching the door, found that it was locked. Peeping through the glass panel, she saw that the ante-room was bare, and that the very almanac had disappeared from the wall of the room in which she worked. Inquiry had elicited the information that the Mlles. Dupre had departed, leaving no address, nor intimation of return. "All through this war, of course, as the porter suggested," exclaimed May bitterly. "Perhaps they have lost their money, or a relative, or both."

"They certainly must have lost their conscience, not to have written and told you, my dear," Aunt Ellen replied.

The next week brought an equally unexpected turn of events, though in another sense, for Auntie Nellie. In an envelope stamped with the address of her School, she received notification that "in view of the general disorganization, it was considered best in the interests of the children to re-open the

Schools at once." This was startling, but what followed was more so to the recipient of the missive, worded by a certain pillar of authority in the Schools. The head-mistress of her department, Miss Davies, having gone to spend the holiday on the continent, had unfortunately been unable to return while it was possible to do so without enforced delay; but Nellie had been elected as her substitute pro tempore.

"*I* in Miss Davies' place as Head-mistress,—to think of it!" she exclaimed.

So Auntie Nellie returned to school, and Sister May bravely sallied forth to employment bureaus in search of another post as typist. She was told by the experienced manageress of the Women's Central Agency not to be surprised if she did not soon obtain one, as several large offices had closed down owing to the stoppage of continental export. Meanwhile George Perry was on his way to the front. When this news was known Auntie May applied her best energies to sewing for the Red Cross Society, which had made appeals for garments to be sent to the soldiers. Like many another city girl accustomed to buy everything ready-made, she found herself rather at a loss how to begin. Great-aunt Ellen, however, was an adept at various branches of useful needle-work. She cut out shirts, which May's clever fingers soon plied themselves in hemming, selvedging, etc. Nancy, who was also emulous to help, was initiated into the mysteries of sock-knitting. Auntie Nellie, when she had recovered by a rest from the fatigues of a disciplinary day, took turns with May in sewing and reading aloud from an interesting book, while the others worked. And thus, while the evenings were spent in brave and tender yet saddening work, the summer passed into autumn.

But Nancy had a great desire to see what a London School was like. She begged Auntie Nellie to be allowed to make a visit, so that lady advised her to take her knitting and join the seventh-grade girls in the afternoon sewing-hour. Auntie introduced her to a fair-haired maiden of about her own age, and she was invited to sit next her amidst a row of other girls on a bench in the rear. During the sewing hour the girls of the three upper grades were allowed to converse

WAITING THE SIGNAL.

in undertone. Nancy thus learned some family confidences. Many of the faces of these young girls told their own tale. Several were in mourning for father or brother fallen in early battle. Many were pale and anxious, for Home was menaced by the loss of a near male relative in the future.

By and by came news of great battles, and of the desolation in the little country of Belgium. Meanwhile England sent forth fresh calls for more men to enlist. Upon boardings and outside stations was posted the appeal —*A Call to Arms: Your Country Needs You.* Motor-vehicles went about, labeled in front "Enlistment for War Only,"—these being for the conveyance of recruits. And still went rows of men—some of them a little older than those of the ranks called just at first—marching, marching down the street, and singing as they marched. The appeal which had stirred the soul of George Perry was inciting thousands more. At street corners stood through the long day women with collecting-boxes—"In aid of distress during the War." Close against the curbs were hawkers, whose trade, like the soldier-playing children aforementioned, lent a touch of comedy with the general tragedy. Some had old trays of little flags, patriotic badges, and buttons with the likeneses in miniature of officer-heroes.

Now, as the days grew shorter, it became strangely dark in London after night-fall. Alternate lights only were lit in the principal streets, whose brilliance formerly had made the stars look pale. Even the windows of tram-cars were darkened by heavy blinds. Nancy learned that this universal blackness was in compliance with a mandate of the War-office, that the dazzle from below might not frustrate the Searchlights, which now played about the sky nightly, on the look-out for bomb-laden German airships.

Nancy's first sight of a Searchlight was from a top-most window at the back of Auntie's house. A weird shaft of luminosity, which flickered about the sky, reminding her of the tail of some colossal comet surely about to "strike." Another night, from the Thames embankment, near to the precious Abbey, she saw three of the phenomena which those astrologers who named the oldest constellations within human reckoning had never looked on.

There was another feature of this War-time to be noticed: never were such crowds of people seen flocking to the various London churches as now. Care, sorrow and the Shadow of Death drove them to the feet of God.

One Sunday evening towards the end of her visit Nancy was taken to hear one of London's greatest preachers, who was also a great Christ-like soul. The building was very large, with galleries running round it, above the pulpit. It was literally packed with people, the congregation seeming to Nancy to consist of as many as would have filled all but the largest London theatre. Nancy had been advised to listen well, and did so. The preacher's words applied to the subject of the War: and such was the stress of the national excitement, that more than once at certain of his utterances, the people broke into applause by clapping their hands.

This war, he said, was not of God's ordaining, but was of hell and the devil. ("Just father's opinion," thought Nancy.) Then the preacher spoke of the causes which had led to the War: and what he said on this point Nancy found very useful in writing an essay for a school competition after her return home.

Perhaps the countless sacrificed lives would at length teach the world that *a man was not a weapon,* and that the individual life of the humblest soldier was as sacred as that of a ruler. It was impressed upon Nancy's imagination that *twelve million men* were engaged fighting each other in this war.

Like the rest of the great audience, Nancy listened rapt as the clear musical tones voiced the message of thought intense with feeling. She saw the fine and virile but worn face of the preacher, the clear, penetrative glance impassioned with sympathy; and felt that here was a man who was spending himself to the last nerve for his generation.

Later she learned that the breaking out of the war had frustrated the arrangement for a long-needed rest, increasing the stress of his labors tenfold, until, by and by, he was prostrated on a bed of sickness. The war had laid the London Preacher low, as it had hastened the end of the peasant Pope.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fifty Years in the Home.

By Elder Heber J. Grant.

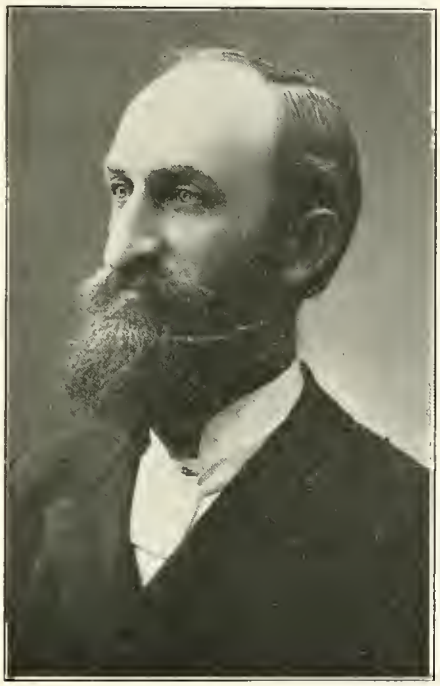
For fifty years the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has been coming to my home. I remember, as a child, when it was first issued, going with many other children to the Deseret News, and waiting sometimes for an hour for the paper to come from the press. I remember my mother reading this magazine to me, and for fifty long years it has had an influence for good in my home.

I have never seen anything in the pages of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for fifty years but what was calculated to uplift and benefit mankind.

We owe the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR our love and our respect; and we not only owe it our good will, but we owe it our dollar; and the best way in the world to show our appreciation of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is to take it into our homes, and pay for it in advance.

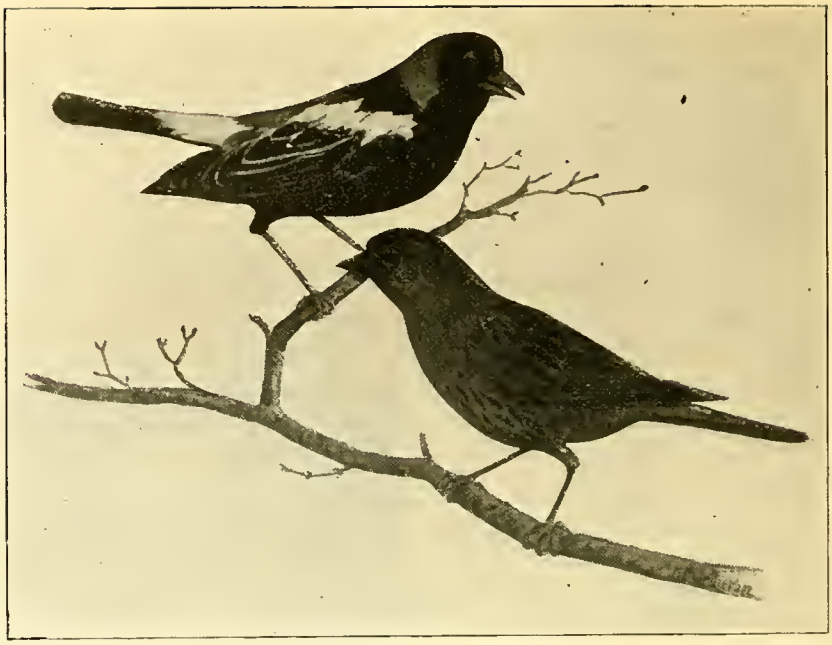
I do not believe that any man can do good work without good tools. I do not believe that teachers and officers of the Sunday School can possibly be as efficient and accomplish as much good without having the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR in their homes as they can have if they subscribe for it, and keep themselves posted regarding its contents.

In order to have the magazine self-sustaining, it will be necessary to increase the subscription from the present number, fourteen thousand, to twenty thousand. With twenty thousand subscribers, the JUVENILE can be self-sustaining, and if we can secure that number, then we can add new features to the magazine that will make it more of a benefit to those who read it.



HEBER J. GRANT.

There are no individuals pecuniarilly interested in this magazine. Every dollar that may come to it will be expended in bettering its pages. We appeal to you to place your names on the subscription line. The price has been reduced from two dollars to one dollar, and there is no excuse why it should not be in at least twenty thousand homes. We owe this debt to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and I believe we should pay it.



BOBOLINKS—MALE AND FEMALE.

The Birds of June.

By Claude T. Barnes.

Every copse issues the liquid notes of happy songsters and every greenwood secretes a nest, in June; the very air is vibrant with the hum of bees and redolent with the scent of sweet-swelling flowers. In the charming stream-ribboned valleys of the intermountain West over two hundred species of birds visit in summer. How many of them do you know by name? Well, perhaps we may help by pointing out to you some that are neither very common nor very rare..

The meadow-lark, the robin, the English sparrow, the mag-pie, mourning dove, and red-wing blackbird are of course very familiar; but we should not forget that the female blackbird is not black at all, but mottled brown as if she were another bird.

The bird that built that neat, gray "hang-nest" in the locust tree is the Bullock oriole, smaller than a robin with under parts, sides of head and neck, orange, and with throat-patch, crown, back of neck and back, black. Listen to his strong, pleasing song.

The bird that sits on the field fence-post over the old embankment in which there is a hole, is a burrowing owl, one of the finest mousers in the world. Those yellow-headed birds, larger than the red-wings, clinging to the reeds in the pond, are yellow-headed blackbirds. Their nests are fastened to the tule stems. That bird running along the pond bank crying all the time "killdeer," and is hard to destinguish from the mud itself, is a killdeer; its nest is a mere depression on the naked ground.

Those quail that come near the chickens in some places have nests containing from 12 to 16 eggs under a brush pile or beside a big rock; and that small hawk that darted in among the chickens was a sharp-shinned. Those large hawks soaring out over the fields never bother the poultry; they are called Swainson's. That other

little hawk with two black cheek stripes is a sparrow-hawk and he does much good by eating English sparrows. That big owl, nearly two feet high, that you came upon at the edge of the woods was a great horned owl —he does some damage.

The bluish gray bird with a belt of the same color across his white breast that you see sitting on the rocks of the canyon stream is a belted kingfisher whose nest is at the end of a fifteen foot burrow cut in the bank over the water. That uniformly slate-colored bird, smaller than a robin that you see dipping beside the stream waterfall, is a water ousel, the most remarkable bird we have. It dives and swims under the water after its food, and nests within the spray of the falls.

The fluffy black and white little bird you see walking around the garden apple-tree is the Gairdner woodpecker; while that large bird with red under wings drumming with his bill very loudly at a dry limb of the apple-tree is the red-shafted flicker, both of them very useful. That bird that flits somewhat like a hawn from telephone pole to pole along the mountain side and had a dull crimson breast is the handsomest woodpecker of them all, the Lewis.

When camping by the trout streams the birds that flit over our heads at twilight, are Western nighthawks.

That large hummingbird hovering over a flower is the rufous and the bronzy green one is a broad-tailed variety. They are after tiny insects, not honey.

Those gray birds, not quite so large as robins, that are always fighting in the air beside yonder big tree are Arkansas fly-catchers or kingbirds. That clear blue bird about the size of a small magpie, in the oak patch, is a long-crested jay. It eats grasshoppers and pine seeds and nests in the bushy pines, high up the hillsides.

You will find the bobolink in the lucern field singing in the air as if he had gone crazy with music. The male is black below and black above with a cream patch on the hind neck. The female is entirely different being yellowish brown heavily streaked above with brown. They are about seven inches long. The nest is a weed covered depression. Listen to these birds—they are worth while.

THE DOWNEY WOODPECKER.

That canary yellow-bird with black on its wings, called "canary" by the boys, is a member of the sparrow family, a pale goldfinch. The real canary or yellow warbler with tiny needle-like bill has no black on it.

The lark sparrow you may easily

distinguish by the brown and white stripes down its head, while the white-crowned sparrow has black and white stripes on its head. Most of our most delightful sparrows can scarcely be distinguished from the English variety; but remember the latter never is guilty of even an attempt at song.

Two of our birds mew like a cat—the cat-bird, which is slaty above and reddish below; and the spurred towhee, which has head, neck and chest black, white belly and brownish flanks. It flits about the oak brush. The bird with an enormously big bill and black head that you see eating seeds in the shade trees along the sidewalk is a black-headed grosbeak.

The swallows are quite easily destinguished but the warblers are all "canarys" to the average person, though we have over a dozen species, nearly all with delicate wedge-shaped bills and some yellow in their plumage. They may be found in the hedge beside the brook or in the wild rose patches. Pert little wrens with rather long bills and erect short tails may be seen in the tules or in the canyons; but vireos are so shy that unless you understand the birds very well and are accustomed to prying into their secrets you may never discover a vireo.

If you stroll out into the sage brush and hear a dull grayish brown bird a little smaller than a robin singing from the top of a bush with all the rapture and melody of a queen of song, depend upon it you are listening to the sage thrasher, one of our most charming of birds; and if you see two birds of light purplish blue flitting coyly about an old woodpecker's hole and you approach and discover seven pretty eggs of pale greenish blue, you have disturbed the mountain bluebird, the most beautiful of all the lovely birds.

To study the birds you need no gun, but rather a pair of good opera glasses and patience. I onetime sat beside a junco's nest so persistently and inoffensively that the mother bird at the end of four days hardly hesitated to hop onto my foot in order to get to the nest. One by one, however, the poor tiny babies in the nest perished by reason of the exceptional rain. The little mother came no more. If you can sit still for a half hour at a time almost any wild bird will eventually regard your presence near her nest with the sweetest of confidence.

Prayer.

By Mrs. E. L. Sanders.

When day, with all its toil is done,
  I place me in my Father's care;
And with my face toward His house,
  Remember those I love in prayer.

My dear ones who are far away,
  The sick, the sad,—poor and oppressed—
Most earnest of my many prayers—
  "Dear God! Please give my Mother rest.

"May Angels spread her bed with ease,
  (Since I may do it not again,)
Let care sit lightly on her heart,
  Her weary flesh be free from pain.

I ask this boon in humble speech,
  At once the dearest and the best,
That neither gold nor love can give:—
  'God give my blessed mother rest.'"

The Most Valuable Crop on the Farm.

By Dr. J. M. Tanner.

Which is the most valuable crop to raise, is a question frequently asked. One might as well ask whether it is more profitable to be a blacksmith or a carpenter. A good blacksmith always makes more money than a poor carpenter. There is a real secret in the manner in which all lower life responds to the touch of man. There is a real kinship between man and certain forms of the vegetable world.

The French, in the province of La Perche, know how to raise horses—the finest Percheron horses in the world. They are famous as breeders. One who has visited that country and witnessed the relation between horse and man, cannot help but recognize the love that exists between them. Their love and confidence are mutual, and the horse responds with the best that is within him to the treatment of his master.

When I was a boy, I knew an Englishman, a gardener, who had a real passion for red currants. He always took the prizes at the fair, but he did more than that,—he raised the finest quality that I have ever seen. Others undertook to rival him. One day I asked him why no other gardener in the place could raise red currants like his. He said: "I have a generation the start of them all. My father loved the business and raised the finest red currants to be found in the country round in his day." There you have it. He loved it himself; then he enjoyed the double advantage of a rich inheritance.

A short time ago I visited an alfalfa farm in Montana. The owner is sometimes referred to as Alfalfa John. He showed me the different methods by which he obtained marvelous yields of alfalfa. I had never seen anything like it. In his home he had in glass cases about the wall all the known varieties of alfalfa—alfalfa cut in different stages and under a great variety of conditions. About the first words he said when I handed him a letter of introduction were, "So you have come to talk with me about alfalfa." He was talking alfalfa, as far as I could hear, after I had boarded the train and was taking my departure.

There are those who believe that they can make a success of any kind of farm crop they may elect to grow. Egotism may be helpful in its place, but such egotism is of doubtful value. At any rate, I would prefer to believe that there is something in natural affinity, a natural love, a natural preference in both the animal and vegetable world. At any rate, I think it advisable to accentuate some phase of farm life, to seek laurels in some chosen field.

Did you ever visit Petaluma, California? You will see chickens there by the millions. I was told that some men there were making good money out of the business. They seemed to have a fitness and a love which made the hen a congenial companion.

I think it best where one has no definite ideas about his preference for any crop on the farm, to take a general course of reading on agriculture and live stock. As he becomes acquainted with the subject and it grows upon him, he will instinctively feel certain preferences. Those preferences will loom up before his mind in dollar bills because he believes he can see more money in one form of agriculture than in another. Love, you know, often expresses itself in dollars and cents.

A Tented Sunday School.

By Miss Lottie P. Ashton.

The old saying, "Where there's a will, there's a way," so often heard, is one of significant meaning; and the "way" generally proves to be a good one, when the "will" is there. Several newly organized wards are trying out this old proverb, and making it ring true, and among those whose success seems assured is Richards Ward, recently created from Sugar House, one of the oldest in the city.

For a short while after the division of the old Sugar Ward, the two met together in the one meetinghouse as they had done formerly; but by May 2nd, Richards Ward had provided a place in which to meet, in "God's great out of doors," with ample conveniences to serve until their real chapel is completed.

Through the kindness of Brother Willard Richards, they have the use of a beautiful lot of ground, surrounded by trees, well located, near 12th South and 9th East, but far enough in to be somewhat private. There, with the help of the Boy Scouts, a large tent has been pitched, and also several smaller ones near, in which Sunday School, as well as other meetings, is held every Sunday.

There is no floor, except at one end where a good sized stand is built, which the Relief Society is preparing to cover with matting.

After meeting for general assembly in the large tent, the children go to the several smaller ones, where class work goes on with the same interest and spirit as if each tent were a class room of some well equipped meetinghouse. The order going to and coming from classes is very good, having been well planned, and in every respect things seem to be moving on in a thoroughly earnest, progresssive way. The spirit of progress is shown clearly by the record of attendance, which is somewhat higher since the beginning of the new ward, with a gradual increase each week.

In the three weeks' history of Richards Ward Sunday School, there has been an increase from an enrollment of 333, and an average attendance of 58 per cent, to an enrollment of 372, with an average attendance of 67 per cent—nearly 10 per cent increase. This record includes officers and teachers, but does not take in members of the Parents' Class, which has had in the three weeks an average of 23 members present instead of 13 up to that time. The very encouraging point about these figures is the gradual but steady increase that is seen regularly each week; and besides enrolled members, there have been many interested visitors, averaging about 56 every Sunday.

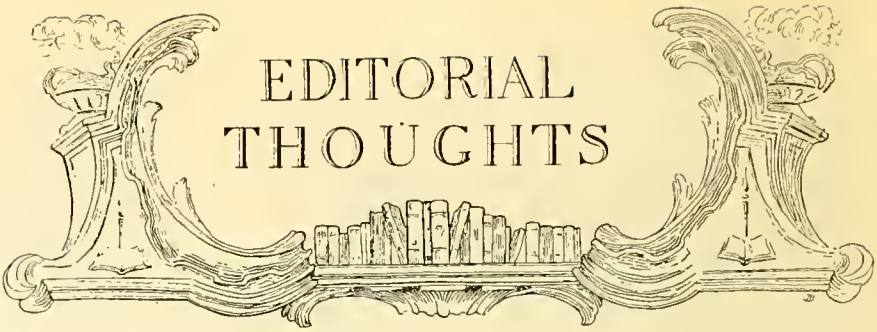
The superintendent of the Richards Ward Sunday School is Brother A. O. Cooper, with J. E. Evans and E. H. Street as his assistants. With these three men as leaders, working so enthusiastically, and aided by 30 other earnest officers and teachers, Bishop Rockwood, father of the new ward, cannot help feeling a great satisfaction, and an assurance of success in his undertakings, being backed by such an organization as the "Tent Sunday School," with so encouraging a beginning.

The officers and teachers, besides the superintendency are:

Howard B. Anderson, Secretary.
Louise Clayton, Asst. Secretary.
Leonidas Fisher, Chorister.
Mary L. Taylor, Organist.
Albert Clayton, Librarian.
Charles Hart, Asst. Librarian.

A. B. Troth.	F. W. Ball.
Geo. T. Judd.	D. G. Emery.
Mrs. D. H.Thomas	Lucille Hart.
Frank Kooyman.	Clara Maughan.
Hugo B. Anderson	Joy Richards.
Nellie Madsen.	Lucille Wilkins.
E. A. Parsons.	Mary Pack.
Brent Wright.	Lyla Folsom.
Willard Ashton.	Genevieve Hart.
B. E. Harker.	Lucinda Ashton.
Clara Christenson.	Margaret Whitaker
Isabel Frewin.	Teresa Kennard.

RICHARDS WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL, SHOWING LARGE TENT USED FOR THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.



THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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Salt Lake City, - June, 1915

Birds.

The recurring season of birds reminds us that this wonderful creation of God has its important place in the world's beauty and utility. Our young people have long been admonished to protect the birds, that they in turn may protect us.

It is frequently declared that these little animals of the winged creation are one of our greatest protections against the devastations of the mighty army of insects. A recent little booklet, issued by the Smithsonian Institution, tells us that there are three hundred thousand known species of insects, and that it is quite likely that there are other three hundred thousand insects that have not yet been described. We know that within the last fifty years there has been a constantly increasing loss in the products of man through the approaching armies of destructive insects. The cause for this great calamity is ascribed to the destruction of our birds. Some time ago Pennsylvania paid a bounty of ninety thousand dollars for the extermination of hawks and owls. After large numbers of these birds had been killed, it was discovered that the rodents upon which they fed did the farmer over four million dollars' worth of damage. God in His wisdom has established a wonderful economic balance in the distribution of His creations; whenever that balance is greatly disturbed man suffers from what then becomes to him a great misfortune. We may abhor the toad, tremble at the sight of a snake, or desire the destruction of certain birds of prey; but all these animals feed upon the insects which infest the earth, and become one of the greatest enemies to man. In Pennsylvania today societies numbering more than fifty thousand have been organized for the protection of bird life. Let us not wait to learn from the calamities that befall us, but receive wisdom from the misfortunes that overtake others. Our chickens perform a great part in the economic life of the people; one of their chief foods consists of worms and

insects which they convert into food for man. If we could understand all the purposes of God in His wonderful creations, we would avoid diligently the dangers of disturbing the balance in the distribution of life which God has so wonderfully ordained.

The rapid increase of insects is such that a few thousands left undestroyed by birds soon increase into the millions.

Within the past quarter of a century, these pests have ruined, according to good authority, property mounting into the billions of dollars. Utah has reason to deplore the loss of its fruit, its potatoes and alfalfa, and may soon find its grain attacked by insect life which is destroying it in other parts of the United States. Added to this loss is the increased labor entailed by spraying and other means to prevent the total ruin of our orchards.

It is true that birds often destroy some of our cherries and other fruits; but the laborer is worthy of his hire. During the spring and early summer the birds clean our orchards from the insects, and again in the fall. If during the ripening of our fruit they need some of it for their sustenance, they are surely entitled to it. We feed our horses, cows, and other animals while they are serving us; why not then feed the birds that do so much for man's prosperity.

The preservation of birds in Utah is of vital importance in view of the fact that fruit growing is one of our most profitable industries. It is, however, a subject of such general importance that all our citizens, and not merely a few, should feel the importance of preserving our bird life, and put forth their energies to that end.

These economic considerations are emphasized by the fact that toward bird life God has planted within us such tenderness of feeling and love that it is easy to form friendships for birds. They are our devoted friends and humble servants. The trouble is we have regarded them as pests because we have been required to furnish them only a very small part of their yearly rations in return for onerous work they perform. We have mistaken them for pests when they have really been our protectors against the myriad insect life against whose destructiveness we are almost helpless without the birds. Let every boy and girl be taught to spare the birds.

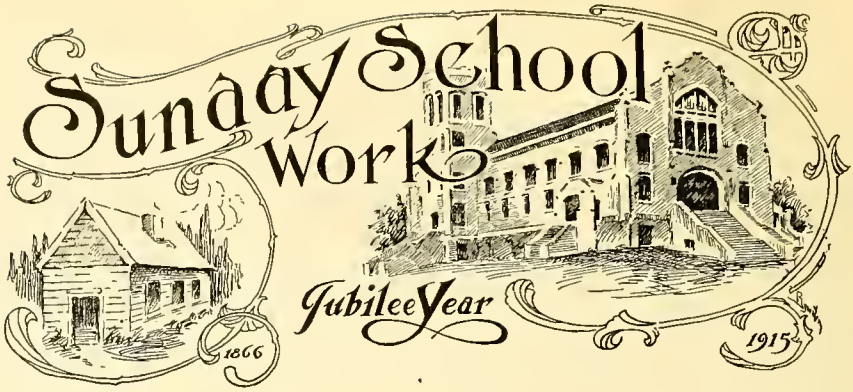
Errata.

In the report of the remarks of Dr. James E. Talmage, Sunday, April 4, 1915, published as the leading article in the May number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, under the title of "Prophecies of the Last Days," some regrettable errors appeared.

First, where the article read, "Beware of the interpretation that has been placed upon that verse"—the *first* verse should have been indicated; and the words "following but a few days after the crucifixion of Christ the Temple and city were destroyed," should have read "decades" instead of "days."

Quotation marks should not have been used in connection with the words, "they shall learn war no more," as these are not literally the words of the Scripture.

We make these corrections in justice to Dr. Talmage, as he did not see the transcription of the reporter's notes before publication.



Superintendents' Department.

General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards.

SACRAMENT GEM FOR JULY AND AUGUST.

(Deseret Sunday School Song Book, No. 291.)

Grant us, Father, grace divine,
May Thy smile upon us shine;
As we eat the broken bread,
Thine approval on us shed.

As we drink the water clear,
Let Thy Spirit linger near;
Pardon faults, O Lord, we pray,
Bless our efforts day by day.

MEMORY GEM FOR JULY.

(Ephesians 4:11, 12.)

And He gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers;

For the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ."

The One Teacher Plan.

At a special meeting of Stake Sunday School workers held in the Assembly Hall, Bishop's Building, April 4th, 1915, it was recommended by the General Board that in all departments above the Primary Department there be but one competent teacher to each class in the Sunday School. There may be several teachers in one department, if there be several classes, but the responsibility of teaching each class will devolve upon only one teacher.

It was further suggested, however, that officers of the Sunday Schools be

not too hasty in making the changes necessary to put in force this recommendation. This latter suggestion was given in order to forestall the immediate releasing of teachers who are now acting with others. In fact, it is not the purpose of the General Board to have any teachers released who are working in harmony for the best interests of their classes. Changes will come soon enough. Workers for other associations are being chosen continually from the Sunday School force, and frequently some of our most capable officers and teachers are called to fill other positions in which the Authorities require their services. As these changes occur, Sunday School officers should be alert to the best interests of their schools, and see to it that the services of competent teachers be retained for the classes. When a teacher demonstrates his or her ability to control and influence a particular class, it seems advisable to have such assume the entire responsibility.

But, Superintendents, release no teachers until you find it advisable to do so.

It is to be hoped that this willingness on the part of the Sunday School to relinquish its hold upon some of its teaching force will prompt the Bishops of wards to make less frequent calls to other positions upon the teachers who are retained. The underlying purpose of the one teacher plan is to secure a teacher for every class who will study his class as thoroughly as he studies his lesson, and knowing them, will love them, and thus win and merit their love in return. With such a corps of teachers in each local board, the fewer the changes year by year the better for the Sunday School and for the Church.

If the Sunday School cannot secure such teachers, and *keep* them, they had better hold their present force intact.

Bird Day.

The first Sunday in June of this year has been designated by the Deseret Sunday School Union Board as "Bird Day." In accordance therewith, it is recommended that every school throughout the Church hold such appropriate and interesting exercises as will tend to impress the children with the need of protecting the lives of our native birds. Our boys and girls should not only be taught the necessity of protecting bird life, but have awakened within them such a sympathy and such appreciation of the feathered songsters as will make their protection a true delight.

Kindness to animals and to all living things is one good way of expressing true religion. Cruelty to the dumb creation always shows an absence of the true religious spirit; and in most cases, is simply barbarous.

Let us teach our children to be kind not only to the birds, but to every creeping thing; for

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Pioneer Day.

On February 21, 1905, the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, with the approval of the First Presidency of the Church, set aside the 24th of July as a day of celebration for the Sunday Schools. Since that day the Sunday Schools have largely taken the lead in bringing about a suitable celebration of Pioneer Day.

We take this opportunity of again calling the attention of our Sunday School workers to the approaching holiday, and urging them to take the initiative in bringing about a suitable and appropriate celebration of the occasion.

The chief purpose of celebrating the day should be to furnish an object lesson to the rising generation, on the early settlement of these valleys and instill in their hearts a reverence for the Pioneers.

If I Were a Sunbeam.

Words by Mary Wilson Todd — Music by Bertha Owens

1. If I were a sunbeam and you were a róse, Ah
2. If I were a sunbeam and you were a rose, I'd

me! what would hap-pen then no - bod - y knows; I'd come straight and
steal down to find you in deepest re - pose; My warm ray would

true from the skies' deepest blue, As your soft pet - als opened, I'd
touch the soft tints on your cheek, Your ru - by red lips so

nes tle to you; I'd shield your sweet bloom from each ill wind that
sly - ly I'd seek, Ah, me! what would hap-pen then no - bod - y

rit.

blows, If I were a sunbeam and you were a rose.
knows, If I were a sunbeam and you were a rose.

Jubilee Song.

Words by S. Y. G. Music by B. Cecil Gates

With Spirit.

1. Hail to our Ju - bi - lee, Happy voic - es ring - ing, Young hearts are
2. Birds sing in leaf - y woods, Bees gath - er hon - ey, Lambs skip in
3. Just are our eas - y rules, Loy - al hearts are raising Thanks for our

gay and free, Hear the children singing, Ros - es blooming ev - ery-where
hap - py mood, In the meadow sunny, Children love to jump and play
Sun-day school, While our God we're praising, U - ni - ty we seek to - day

Canyon breezes blowing, June sky is bright and fair, Crystal streamlets flowing.
Yet one day in seven, Put all your play away, Worship God in heaven.
Faith we will re-ly on, Prayer lights our darkest day, Dear, love-ly Zi - on.

CHORUS.

Hail! Hail! Hail to our Ju-bi-lee, Hail! Hail! Young hearts are gay and free,

Unison. *Parts.* *D.C.*

Happy voices ringing, Hear the children singing, Hail! Hail! Hail to our Ju-bi-lee.

Last time repeat chorus pp.

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter and E. G. Gowans.

Work for July.

During this month the following subjects from Parent and Child, Vol. II, may be used. Select from the list two or more of these subjects, for the two regular lessons of the month:

1. The Street Corner Habit
2. Yarns and Story-Telling
3. Sunday Observance and Recreation
4. Games of Chance

To Supervisors: Treat the lessons from the positive, not negative viewpoint. For example: let several members of the class be appointed, each to suggest a good cure for street loafing. Use these suggestions to open the discussion. Or, if lesson two be taken, appoint half a dozen or more members of the class to be ready with a good, wholesome funny or other story, fit for the home. Direct the talk along the line of what are proper stories for parents and children. Should lesson three be dealt with, follow a similar method, dealing particularly with the best way to guide the activities of children during Sunday afternoon and evening. (See lesson outline page 265 for suggestions). If lesson four be chosen, handle the question of gambling in all the forms that affect the home and community. What phases of this evil are prevalent in your community? To what extent are homes reponsible for them? How can they best be checked?

Calendar Subject: Pioneer Reminiscences.

Let the Sunday previous to Pioneer Day, July 18, be given to this work of reviewing the story of our Pioneers. Various ways of treating the subject may be originated. The Pioneers, Batallion Boys, Handcart Veterans, or other historic persons may be invited to give reminiscences. A program on "Crossing the Plains," with incidents of the journey, songs of the times, pictures of historic places, may be carried out. Or a series of brief sketches on lives of prominent Pioneers, may be prepared or read. Make the day one worth while.

Theological Department.

Milton Bennion, Chairman; John M. Millls, Geo. H. Wallace, Edwin G. Woolley, Jr., and Elias Conway Ashton.

Lessons for July.

First Year—The Life of Christ

[Prepared by Elder Milton Bennion.]

Lesson 19. The Parable of the Sower.

Text: Matt. 13:1-23; Mark 4:1-20; Luke 8:4-15.

References for teachers: Sunday School Outlines, Jesus the Christ, Lesson 17.

In assigning this lesson it may be well to suggest that students be prepared to respond to questions and topics such as the following:

What is a parable? Why did Jesus use this method of teaching? Tell the story of the sower and the seed. Unto what is the seed likened? Have you ever observed or read about persons who may be likened unto stony ground? Give instances in the history of the Church of persons who may be likened unto shallow ground. According to the teachings of this parable, upon what, or upon whom does the production of good results depend?

Among the points to be brought out by these questions and topics are the following:

A parable is a method of explaining or illustrating a principle or law by reciting something from common experience that is in some way like the more abstract principle that is being taught. This method is well adapted to minds unaccustomed to thinking on general principles. Even with highly trained minds a homely illustration is sometimes very impressive. Teaching by parables is, therefore, a very effective method of popular instruction. If Jesus sometimes used this method as a means of concealing His meaning from the multitude, it was, doubtless, because they were not seeking after the truth. At the same time the parable served the purpose of making the truth more impressive to those who did understand. In this con-

nection it should be noted that Jesus was one of the most clear and impressive, as well as one of the most profound teachers in history. In this, however, His character and personality were more important than the details of His method.

The meaning of the parable of the sower is clearly explained in the text. Care should be taken that students see the application of it in their own lives. It is very important that each shall think of "what the harvest shall be" in his own case.

Lesson 20. A Cluster of Parables.

Text: Matt. 13:24-52; Mark 4:24-34; Luke 8:16-18; 13:6-9.

References for teachers: Sunday School Outlines, Jesus the Christ, Lesson 18.

The following questions and topics may be used in assigning this lesson:

What is meant here by the kingdom of heaven?

In what respects may a mustard seed be likened unto the kingdom of heaven?

In what respects is the kingdom of heaven like leaven? Can you apply personally the principle illustrated in this parable?

Give modern illustrations of the principle taught in the parable of the merchantman who found a pearl of great price.

These and other questions may be used in the study of these parables to develop in the minds of young people a sense of relative values in human life, a power to estimate at their true worth the things that have enduring value, and to distinguish these things from others which are only means to ends. Show how one good act leads to others and how one evil act brings a multitude in its train, as illustrated in the parable of the leaven, which applies, likewise, to the influence of companions, both good and bad.

Lesson 21. As a Little Child.

Text: Matt. 18:1-14; Mark 9:33-37; Luke 9:46-48; 22:24-26.

References for teachers: Sunday School Outlines, Jesus the Christ, Lesson 21.

Suggestive Questions and Topics: What opposing views have been held concerning child nature in relation to good and evil? Why is it impossible for a little child to be morally bad? What characteristics of childhood should adults seek to retain or to cultivate? What did Jesus teach His disciples concerning pride? Personal ambition? Jealousy? What did He teach concerning humility and service?

That willingness to engage in humble service with complete subordination of personal ambition as the only road to greatness or goodness is the principle to be developed in this lesson. This principle is a corner stone of Church organization. Every Church member is presumed to be in readiness to serve wherever and whenever his service is needed; but for a man to aspire to a place of honor is regarded as evidence of unfitness for the position. "He that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger, and he that is chief, as he that doth serve."

Third Year—Church History

[Prepared by John Henry Evans.]

Preparation of the Lesson.

The teaching of a class in the history of the Church, like the teaching of a class in any other subject, involves two steps: first, the preparation of the work; second, the conducting of the recitation. Let us take up lesson 16, the first one for June, largely because it covers a great deal of material and because the subject is rather difficult to handle from the standpoint of the principles of the recitation.

If I am to teach a lesson, it goes without saying that I must prepare that lesson first.

When should I prepare it? I am to present this particular lesson, say, on the second Sunday of June. If so, then I shall have to assign it the previous Sunday. But how can I make a proper assignment unless I know the material to be assigned? Hence the preparation of a lesson should precede the assignment.

As to this matter of assignment, a word may not be out of place here. We pay altogether too little attention to it in our religious institutions. It is far more important than it would seem. What purpose should I have in making an assignment of a lesson? First, my class must know what to prepare for the next recitation. But secondly—and this is not less important—interest must be awakened so that they will want to prepare. For this is where most of our trouble lies as religious teachers: our pupils are indifferent, for the most part, whether they prepare or not. Attendance at Sunday School is voluntary, preparation is voluntary, recitation is voluntary. So we must rouse interest somehow.

Now, it is possible to rouse interest in a forthcoming lesson in these two ways: First, we may awaken curiosity

in the lesson. We shall see how this may be done with the lesson we have chosen. Or, secondly, we may arouse interest in some detail in the lesson, and thus induce a reading of the whole lesson.

It is easy to be seen how necessary it is that I prepare a lesson before I assign it. How else can I know how to be definite, not to speak of how to arouse interest by awakening curiosity or by pointing out some naturally interesting features in the lesson? It will not do for me to say, "Take the next lesson," or "The next lesson will cover from page so-and-so to page such-and-such—read it over." I must think what I can say to make my pupils want to prepare the lesson. I hope, then, I have made it clear that a teacher should know what is in a lesson before he assigns it.

Now, how should I prepare this particular lesson in Church history?

To begin with, I must look over the whole field. In this case it is, in general, the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri. This is a long lesson, covering thirty pages of the text book. Besides, there are a large number of different topics, though bearing, of course, on the general subject. I read what is said in the text-book, thus gettitng a bird's-eye view, so to speak, of the subject. But this is not enough. The chapter in the text book, long as it is, covers only the general aspects of the subject treated. It is the details, in history, that are interesting. So I must now take up works that go into the subject in detail. The "History of the Church," for instance, is named, in which the subject is treated in great detail.

The purpose of reading all this matter is two-fold. It will give the teacher greater interest in the lesson himself, and through resultant enthusiasm arouse greater interest in his pupils.

In the next place, a lesson must be got out of all this material. Not all of the matter gathered can be presented; not all, even, that is contained in the text book. A selection must therefore be made. Now, the general truth which I as teacher wish to leave with my class as the result of the recitation will determine what details to choose. What general truth may we get from this block of material in lesson 17? At least one might be the great sacrifice the Saints were willing to make for their religious convictions. This need not be the thought to be developed by the teacher unless he wishes to develop it. But the point is, there should be a general idea which the teacher should bring out in the class and round which the details of the lesson may be gathered. At all events, it is the one I have chosen for the present lesson.

Now, having made preparation in this general way, I am ready to announce the lesson. I ask the class to read the whole chapter in the text book on the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri. But I must rouse their desire, if I can, to read it. Maybe the statement of the general truth would help some to read it. What things in this lesson show the sacrifice of the Saints for their religion? Maybe the question, What do you think happened to the "Mormon" people in their new home? would help others. Maybe my telling something of an interesting detail —the "battle" at Crooked River, for instance—might help others.

The lesson having been assigned, I must prepare now for the recitation. But, in order to save space, I shall proceed to tell how to conduct the class, leaving it to be inferred how I have prepared my lesson.

Recitation of the Lesson.

It goes without saying, also, that the class should do the talking, not the teacher. The teacher is to lead, to ask questions, to direct. With this idea in view I begin my class recitation, the preliminary work of the roll and anything else I may have to do of an introductory work being out of the way. The following questions will serve to develop my lessons and sufficiently cover the details of the lesson:

(1) What do you mean when you say of any person that he is a man of convictions? (2) What do you mean when you say of a person that he has strong religious convictions? (3) What is the difference between a person who has strong religious convictions and one who has not? (4) Give instances in various ages where any one has manifested strong convictions in any way; in religion.

Coming now to the lesson before us, (5) how have Saints before this shown that they had strong religious convictions? (6) What things are there in this lesson that show a willingness to sacrifice for their religious convictions? (This is a broad question and ought to draw out a great many incidents in the chapter.) (7) What might the Saints have done if they had uncertain convictions as to the truth of "Mormonism?" (8) What effect would such possible conduct as this on the part of the Saints naturally have had on their character? (9) What effect would their firmness in holding to their convictions have on their character?

No lesson should close leaving the thought up in the air. So we must have an application of the thought to the lives of the class. Hence we have (10) What things do you believe in most—what are you willing to sacrifice most for? (This may not be answered, as the teacher wishes. It ought to produce reflection, at all events.) (11) In what ways may we nowadays express our convictions in the truth of religion? (12) See if there is not some way in which, during the coming week, we may sacrifice for our religious convictions.

Second Intermediate Department.

Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds, J. Leo Fairbanks, and Adam S. Bennion.

First Year—Church History

[By Levi Edgar Young.]

TO THE TEACHER.

Abstracts of six chapters on the History of the Church have already been given. I have tried to emphasize the fact that the prescribed outlines of some one else is poor pedagogy, and is conducive to poor teaching. I have wanted to impress you with the idea that to be free in teaching and interpreting, one should write for the teacher freely, and impress some important lesson in the study for each Sunday. Now let me summarize what has already been written in the previous lessons. I think you will discover a logic to the lessons. While I admit that I am departing along new lines in Church History, it is the saner method of treating history. History is not a detailed account of events and dates. It is the story of a people's larger hopes and their work in human affairs. So each lesson should be resonant of a great thought that should be thought-stirring in the mind of the pupils of the class. To learn is not to memorize. To learn is to respond in your sympathy and intellect to some great human activity. Your individual response may be different to the response of some one else. Your students should not have the same degree of response and sympathy. In fact, if they are rightly taught, they can not all respond to the same lesson in the same way. These lessons should be suggestive. They must be studied for the purpose of having something suggested that is important and interesting. If you will take each lesson and read it carefully, you will find it merely indicative as to show you how you should conduct the lesson in your own way and manner. It may be a little hard at first, but if you will make your own individual outline from my lessons, it will not be long before you will begin to see the great glory of the history of "Mormonism." The teacher who grows is the one who is developing individuality both in himself and in his pupils. Every lesson should be resonant with life and interest. Now let me summarize the past lessons, and see if you will not agree with me that they have been logical and broad, which invites the teacher to outline the work from his own individual view point.

Lesson I of chap. I. The *Message of Christ to the World.* Is not "Mormonism" the lesson of Christ to the world? I give this subject first, therefore, that we may know that our history is a glorious message to mankind, and that great men of all ages have believed, to some extent, in it. Does this not give you freedom

to develop in your class the history of many famous men and women who have believed this message?

Lesson II. This lesson calls our attention to the one simple fact that every child of God is impressed with the divine laws of Jesus Christ, and that He has the power from infancy to designate between right and wrong. Is this not the great ethical or moral principle laid down by Jesus Christ?

Lesson III. This lesson is to emphasize the thought as to why the Gospel of Jesus Christ was needed in this day and age.

Lesson IV. The next lesson naturally tells about the preparation of Joseph Smith for the Gospel which he had so earnestly and honestly asked for.

Let me review the next lessons by chapters.

Chapters II and III. These chapters deal fundamentally with the Book of Mormon. You will notice that I approach this subject from the view point of legends and folk songs of the Indians of today. We always should approach the past from the view point of the present. The subject then becomes more virile or full of life and interest. Then I tell something about the supposed origin of the Indians, and what archæology says. And last, but not least, I try to show some of the beauties of the Book by showing some of the institutional life of the people of Book of Mormon days. By institutional I mean the industrial, social, religious life of the people as a whole. I have asked you in lesson XI to read some of the beautiful chapters to show what thought in religion and morals the Book contains. But there are so many such chapters, that I want you to pick some out and encourage the pupils to do the same thing. (I take up the Book of Mormon in some detail because it was the first great creative and constructive work given to the world by Joseph Smith.)

Chapter IV. This deals with the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; how it came about, etc.

Chapter V. The Building of Kirtland as the first great civic and religious centre of the "Mormon" people. I emphasize in this chapter the work of Joseph Smith as a prophet and a man who brings to bear on practical affairs and problems, a knowledge that comes from God by inspiration and revelation.

Capter VI. General Growth of the Church and the gradual perfecting of its organization. Why organization in government, both religious and civil, is necessary.

VII. THE CHURCH IN MISSOURI.

This chapter is to emphasize three points: (1) The growth of the Church in Missouri: (2) Why the Saints left Kirtland and the Kirtland Camp: (3) Why the Saints were driven from Missouri. Many details will be omitted. I want to show how the people worked in those days to build up the Church; how they suffered and toiled, and yet worked patiently on, until they came to build Nauvoo. I also want to suggest why people are persecuted from time to time in all history; then I want to at least indicate why the Saints suffered persecution. You may use for reference any of the good history of the Church. Whitney's History of Utah is scholarly and always the source of great help. Use also President George Q. Cannon's Life of Joseph Smith: Elder B. H. Roberts' Missouri Persecutions: Elder Edward H. Anderson's Brief History of the Church, etc.

Work for July.

Lesson 21. Spread of the Gospel in Missouri.

Suggestive Plan.

I. 1830. First missionaries sent into the west to preach the Gospel to the Indians.
   (a) Independence, Jackson Co., Mo., a rallying place for the Saints in the far west.

II. The Prophet in Missouri, July, 1831.
   (a) His work in Mo.
   (b) Location for the city of Zion.

III. Expulsion from Jackson Co.
   (a) Constructive work of "Mormons" in Missouri.
      Farms
      A moral society
      Newspaper
      Schools

In September, 1830, a remarkable conference was held in Fayette, New York. It was remarkable because of the unity of purpose manifested among the people who had accepted the new faith. Among other important things done at this conference, it was decided to begin the missionary work of the Church by preaching the Gospel to the western tribes of Indians. If you will read sections 30 and 31 of the Doctrine and Covenants, you will find how this work was directed by revelation from God. Men were chosen for the divine call, and in the latter part of October four brethren Oliver Cowdery, Peter Whitmer, Jr., Parley P. Pratt, and Ziba Peterson left Fayette for the far western Indians. Their journey was a long and hard one. In those days, traveling was mostly done on foot, and by boat down the rivers. They stopped at Kirtland, which was so soon to become the centre of the Church, and converted a large number of men to the Gospel. Among these were Sidney Rigdon, Edward Partridge, Newell K. Whitney, John Murdock, and Lyman Wight. Down the Ohio to St. Louis they continued their journey, sometimes on foot, at other times riding on a river boat. Arriving at St. Louis in the middle of winter, they suffered much from cold and hunger, but pushing on through the State of Missouri, they arrived at Independence, which was on the extreme western frontier of the United States. These men had traveled over fifteen hundred miles, mostly on foot. They had borne their testimony to thousands of people, and had organized small branches of the Church here and there as they traveled westward. The Wyandot Indians in western Ohio had heard their message concerning the Book of Mormon, and in this were they interested. The Shawnees and Delawares in the western part of Missouri were visited, where the elders gave them, through an interpreter, the history of their forefathers.

The work of these missionaries opened up the way for the Saints to gather in time in Jackson County. And now occured a most interesting event in the history of the Church. It was the visit of the Prophet Joseph Smith to Missouri, in the year 1831. He arrived in Independence in July, accompanied by Sidney Rigdon, Martin Harris, Edward Partridge, W. W. Phelps and others. A marvelous revelation was received by the Prophet at this time. It told how Missouri had been appointed as a gathering place for the Saints, and that at Independence which was to be the centre of "Zion," should be built a temple. Lands were to be purchased by the Saints, a store was to be established that "goods might be sold without fraud," and a printing house established. (Read Sec. 57, Doctrine and Covenants). On the 2nd of August, 1831, Elder Rigdon dedicated the land of Zion, and on the following day, the site of the future temple near Independence was dedicated. The word "Zion," you will notice, is used in the revelation just referred to. It is often used today, and the question naturally rises as to its meaning. Zion comes from an old Hebrew word signifying "a sacred hill." Some scholars tell us that it means "a sacred hill on which a temple is built." The ancient Greeks used the term, and with them it meant a territory or district made beautiful by the Gods. Although the Saints were driven from Jackson county, we still believe that at that place will yet be built a temple to God, and that it will be indeed the centre of Zion.

During almost the entire decade from 1830 to 1840, the Saints settled in Missouri along the river of the same name. Jackson county was at first the main centre, but in 1833 they were forced from that district into the counties north of the river known as Clay and Daviess. In 1836, they moved into Ray county, a part of which was organized as Caldwell county. In Jackson county, the "Mormons" purchased good, farms; they cleared the lands and planted good fields, and became industrially independent for that day. They trained themselves in moral and religious principles, contrary as they were to the religious creeds of the day. They established a newspaper and maintained schools, and in all manifested a thrifty and what we would call today a progressive spirit. Missouri, you will recall, was a slave state, and had

been such since 1820. The "Mormons" were abolitionists, and in fact some were members of abolition societies, which were organizing at that time in the north and far west. Misouri had a frontier society, rough and given to rather old time religious and political theories. The "Mormons" naturally irritated the people of Missouri, and as a result, they were driven from Jackson county across the Missouri river into the counties north of that stream. While they lost their lands in Jackson county, they immediately went to work again in their new holdings, and maintained their faith in their religion and their God, and never grew disheartened.

Note: Why do you think the Saints moved westward from New York to Ohio? Were they not a home-loving people? Why was the Prophet anxious to have the Gospel carried to the Indian tribes in the far west? Who went in the first missionary company? Did they have success? Why would the Indians be interested in their message? How do you think the missionaries traveled in those days? What class of people listened to the word of the missionaries and believed in their message? What did the Prophet do on his first trip to Missouri? Can you give some reasons why Section 57 of the Doctrine and Covenants is important? Why do you think an enmity sprang up on the part of the people of Jackson county and other places against the "Mormons?" Why have the "Mormon" people been misunderstood? Can you give other examples from history when a people have been persecuted because of their religious beliefs? Why were the Saints opposed to slavery? Why would their religious beliefs rather antagonize the beliefs of other people?

Lesson 22. Why the Saints left Kirtland.

Suggestive Plan.

I. How the people in the days of Kirtland and Missouri became united in a bond of brotherhod.
   (a) Zion's Camp.
   (b) Joseph Smith's love of men.
II. Sorrows and struggles in Kirtland.
III. Joseph Smith moves to Missouri.
   (a) The Kirtland Camp.

Do you remember the story of the journey of Columbus over the Atlantic ocean, when in October, 1492, he discovered America? There were men in his company who started out on that journey with a surety in their minds that by sailing west, land might be discovered. But during the voyage, they rebelled and would have turned back, had their desires prevailed. Columbus was blessed with what we might call absolute knowledge of the truth that he would discover land. His men were not all blessed with the same understanding. It seems that whenever any man in history anounces a truth, there are men who will immediately espouse it, but in time their ardour cools, and they renounce that which had been held as almost divine truth. So it was with Joseph Smith. In 1834 Kirtland Saints were greatly agitated, for many were renouncing the Gospel plan of salvation that had been restored through the boy prophet. Apostles and Seventy at times denounced the Prophet and people, and the Church passed through a trying ordeal. There are many reasons given why so many people were dropped from the Church. One thing is quite certain. From those early days until now, there has been a natural law of faith in the Gospel, and that is obedience to the divine will of God and an absolutely moral and intellectual life. We do not mean by "obedience," a listless obeying of something we do not understand, but an "obedience" that implies reason and judgment, and is the result of an honest desire to make God's will and love our own. So the Prophet saw many withdraw. He was compelled to excommunicate many, and to him it was a sorrowful task.

In 1834 the Prophet heard of the sorrows and troubles in Jackson county, and organizing a company, he led it in person to Missouri to carry food and clothing to the needy in that state. There were 205 men in "Zion's Camp" for such it was called, and their journey to Missouri was a test of their courage. They performed their mission, which was one of love, and returning, the Prophet chose from their ranks the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles as well as the first two quorums of Seventy. "Zion's Camp" as an organization was typical of the religion and Church that the men believed in. There was a unity and fixed purpose, and they all worked as one man. The work of the company also was expressive of Joseph Smith's love for his fellow men, especially when they were in sorrow and deep trial. There was a natural bond of sympathy between the Saints in Kirtland and those in Missouri. There was what the scholar of history calls "like-mindedness," which is always conducive of a strong bond of sympathy and a unity of purpose.

In 1837 the Prophet Joseph Smith moved to Missouri, whither he was followed by almost the entire Church at Kirtland, which in its journey was called

the "Kirtland Camp." This was the first great move in the history of the Church, and the abandonment of Kirtland may be ascribed to three main causes. First: The great financial panic which befell the American people in 1837 caused many of them to seek for new homes in the far west. The Latter-day Saints at Kirtland were great sufferers due to financial reverses. Many had invested in the Kirtland Safety Society Bank which had failed, and which had left many of the Saints in debt. Secondly: The Saints had a natural desire to be together, that they might be of mutual help, one to another. Thirdly: The centre stake of Zion had been picked out by the Prophet, and the Saints naturally wished to cooperate in its preservation and upbuilding.

Note: The teacher should carefully prepare the topics in the "suggested plan" at the head of this lesson. Any of the histories of the Church, together with any history of Utah or any Life of the Prophet Joseph Smith give information on any of the topics. Such questions as the following are suggested: Why do men at times desert a cause which they have been working for? Can you give any instances in history where men have lacked the courage to continue the work in a good cause? Why did the Saints naturally wish to be together? What was "Kirtland Camp?" What were some of the trials of the members of the "Kirtland Camp?" Why did the Saints assemble in the State of Missouri?

Lesson 23. Why the Saints were Driven from Missouri.

I can give but a formal outline on this lesson, as space prevents any detailed treatment of it. This is one of the most important episodes in the history of the Church, and one that should be treated very carefully for the pupils. Do not give in the class a mass of detail, but some of the larger facts as presented in the following short outline or plan.

I. Try to find some rare instances in the history of the Reformation in Europe, where people have been persecuted for religious principles. Any history will tell you about the persecutions against Martin Luther and his followers in Germany. Then tell why the Pilgrim fathers came to America.

II. Explain that hatred against religious beliefs is always indicative of selfish motives. People are simply intolerant because of their ignorance and undeveloped ideals. High-minded people who are in search for truth never hate nor persecute.

III. Tell your pupils about the little city of Far West in Caldwell Co., Missouri. How it became a centre for the Saints. Explain why the Missourians were intolerant of the "Mormons."
   (a) Because of their staement to the world that all the creeds of Christendom were wrong.
   (b) Their unity of purpose in their industrial, civic, and religious lives.
   (c) Because of their stand for the freedom of the slaves.

IV. Of the details of their struggles, I would relate but two things:
   (a) The battle of Crooked River.
   (b) The Hauns' Mill Massacre.

V. Tell about the welcome in Illinois, and the move of the Saints across the Mississippi river.

VI. They find a home in Illinois, and establish Nauvoo. (The detail of the establishment of Nauvoo will be considered in our next chapter).

Third Year—Old Testament

[Prepared by J. Leo Fairbanks.]

Lesson 25. Joshua, the Steadfast, Who Won the Promised Land.

This lesson divides itself into two headings with the following respective texts:

I. The Call of Joshua.

Teachers' Text: Numbers 14:5-10; Joshua 1:1-9, 13-18; 14:6-12.

Individual Assignment: Joshua 1:1-9; memorize verse 9.

II. Crossing the Jordan.

Teachers' Text: Joshua 1:11; 3:4; 5:1-12.

Pupils' Text: Joshua 3.

Suggestive truth: God always fulfills His promises and blesses His people when they put their trust in Him.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION.

I. By way of Review. (a) Pupils might work up very interesting papers on the character of Moses. Comparisons with Brigham Young and other great leaders would be stimulating.

(b) "Why the children of Israel were kept in the wilderness forty years," would call forth some good discussion or would make a good paper.

(c) "The Struggle for the Promised

Land in Our Own Lives" would be an inspirational and interesting study.

2. Joshua was well prepared to be a successor to Moses. He was about eighty-five years old, and therefore a man of experience, and he was still robust and full of the vigor of life. He learned to rule by first being an obedient and trustworthy servant. He had held positions of trust under Moses and had always discharged them loyally. He was called of God and was promised His Spirit to help him in all that he did. It is of interest to note that in his call, Moses laid hands upon his head, just as is done in our Church today. He was sustained by the people to be their leader.

3. Have the pupils locate on their maps the plains of Moab, where the children of Israel mourned the death of Moses, and then have them trace the movement across the Jordan as they should all the subsequent movements in the conquest of the promised land.

4. Consider the crossing of the Jordan in detail. Compare it with the crossing of the Red Sea—two evidences that God was with His people: one at the beginning, the other at the very end of their journey.

5. Discuss the significance of the memorial erected with the stones taken from Jordan.

6. The keeping of the fortieth Passover, the first one beyond Jordan, would be particularly interesting to the children of Israel. They now substituted fruits of the fields for the manna provided in the wilderness.

7. Joshua now begins his active conquest. Discuss with the class why it should be necessary for God's people to destroy the possessors of the land.

8. Show how the siege of Jericho illustrates the fact that God requires obedience to laws of order.

Lesson 26. Conquest Under Joshua.

Teachers' Text: Joshua 2; 5:13-15; 6.

Individual Assignment: Joshua 6:8-17; 20:24.

Rahab told the spies of the fear that had come over her people on hearing of the marvelous passage of the Red Sea and other miracles. This fear prepared them for their own defeat. In life, courage is a prime necessity. Whenever man is a creature of fear his chances for success are gone. In the presence of divine manifestations the Canaanites were without hope of success. In our lives we must seek divine favor so that we will be confident.

Rahab had splendid qualities. Of all the people of Jericho her family was alone in recognizing God and His manifestations of power. Whom God calleth we have no right to reject. Commend her to those who place loyalty to God in the highest category of faith.

The first enemies to be driven out were called Canaanites, and were descendants of Ham. Canaanites refers to people who lived in the low country or valleys.

Notes.

1. This mixed population, in this small bit of territory, overrun and plundered by every crossing army for hundreds of years, was the problem which faced the invading Israelites. Separated into small clans, or centered in small cities, some of them well walled and fortified, without any central organization or any common bond of unity, these people became an easy prey even to such an army as that with which Joshua crossed the Jordan.—Prof. Ira M. Price.

2. Northward, eastward, and southward, extended for miles the level plain of the Jordan river, which plowed its way through its alluvial bed, six miles east of Jericho. Close by the site of the ancient city came the perennial waters of the Wady Kelt with which it was possible to irrigate its fields. Past the town ran the main highway from across the Jordan, along the northern side of the Wady Kelt, to join the great central highway that extended through the centre of Palestine. Jericho was, therefore, the key to the land of Canaan, and its capture was necessary if the Hebrews were to maintain their connection with their kinsmen east of the Jordan.—Kent and Jenks.

3. There is always a Promised Land before us,—a better, nobler, happier, more useful life, a more heavenly character, a larger field of activity, wider knowledge, a land "flowing with milk and honey."

This is God's perpetual invitation to us during the whole wilderness journeyings of our life. It echoes all His promises. It repeats His "Come unto Me." It draws by the cords of forgiving love.—International Sunday School Lessons.

4. With its large geographical element the book of Joshua is not particularly rich in scenes of direct religious value; yet the whole narrative is inspired by a sublime faith in the divine purpose and its sure triumph over every obstacle. In particular, the story of the Gibeonites

suggests the permanent obligation of reckoning with God in affairs of national policy, (9:14), while Gilgal is a reminder of the duty of formally commemorating the beneficient providences of life (3:4). The story of Achan reveals the national bearings of individual conduct and the large and disastrous consequences of individual sin.—McFayden.

Lesson 27. The Conquest (Continued.)

Teacher's Text: Joshua 7:2-13.
Pupils' Text: Joshua 7:1-5; 8:10-21.
Special Assignment: Joshua 10:1-20.
Suggestive truth: By tolerating evil, God's people bring evil upon themselves.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION.

1. The Holy Land, though possessed in part by the Israelites under Joshua, was not really conquered under his leadership. Conquest is a slow process—a matter of years. Even Jerusalem was not secured until after the death of Joshua.

2. The statement that Joshua commanded the sun to stand still will naturally evoke curious questions. Make the answer as simple as possible. There was likely no great overthrow of the system of the universe to prolong the light of day. It just didn't get so dark but that the Israelites could follow up the fleeing enemy.

3. Explain the necessity of severe punishment for offenders among the Israelites themselves, and for their captives.

4. What explanation can be offered for the fact that Israel seemed constantly inclined toward evil and that God was with them and helped them in spite of this fact?

5. Show that tolerating evil is one of the first steps towards an active participation in evil.

Lesson 28. Distribution of the Ten Tribes.

Teacher's Text: Joshua 13:2-24.
Pupils' Text: Joshua 24:22-33.

The first part of this lesson is largely historical and geographical, but it is interesting in that it shows the fulfillment of God's promises to Israel.

Reference should be made to Bible maps which show Canaan as divided among the tribes. The note at the end of this lesson may also be helpful.

Here is a good opportunity to discuss with the class, if it has not already been done, the nature of the Holy Land—its geography, its topography, its climate, its vegetation, and anything else that might add interest to these lessons.

Discuss with the class the importance in ancient times of the casting of lots. It was then a means approved by God. (See Proverbs 16:33).

Joshua governed Israel twenty-five years. How does he compare with Moses as a leader of Israel? What, in short, is Israel's history under his guidance? What are the characteristics that enabled him to be so successful?

Note. (From Smith's "Scripture History.") The possessions of each tribe were proportional to the number of its families, as a general rule. The great preponderance of Judah and Joseph is explained by their respective pre-eminence as the prince and heir of the whole family.

On the east of Jordan—

(i) Reuben lay the farthest south; their southern boundary being the Arnon, and their northern a little above the latitude of Jericho.

(ii) Gad came next, possessing Mount Gilead and half of Ammon. On the side of the Jordan, their northern border just touched the sea of Chineroth. The Jabbok divided their territory into two nearly equal parts.

(iii) The half-tribe of Manasseh had all the kingdom of Og, King of Bashan, and reached to the base of Mount Hermon on the north.

These allotments are expressly mentioned as having been made by Moses.

The division of the land among the nine and a half tribes west of the Jordan was made by Eleazer, the high priest, and Joshua, with "the heads of the fathers of the tribes," by a solemn lot, cast before Jehovah.

(iv) Judah seems to have had the first share, in consequence of Caleb's laying claim to Hebron, the special inheritance promised by Moses as the reward of his fidelity. The Dead Sea formed their east coast; the northern border reached as high as the mouth of the Jordan; on the west it skirted the land of the Philistines and touched the Mediterranean, and on the south it stretched across the wilderness to "the river of Egypt."

(v and vi) The tribe of Joseph, in its twofold division of Ephraim and Manasseh, had the center of the land, across from Jordan to the Mediterranean. Ephraim lay north of Judah, but between them were the districts afterwards allotted to Benjamin and Dan. Manasseh, in addition to the land of Bashan and

Gilead east of the Jordan, had a lot on the western side, north of Ephraim. At a later period, Samaria was built upon their territory.

The encampment at Gilgal remained for a long time the headquarters of the Israelites, but at length they removed to Shiloh, south of Shechem, in the territory of Ephraim, and there they set up the tabernacle, where it remained till the time of Samuel. There were still seven tribes that had not received their inheritance. Now, however, three men were appointed from each tribe to make a survey of the rest of the land, and to divide it into seven portions. When this was finished, Joshua cast lots for the seven portions before the tabernacle in Shiloh (Josh. xviii:1-10). The result was as follows:

(vi) Benjamin had the eastern part of the territory that lay between Judah and Ephraim, embracing the plain of Jericho and the northern highlands of the later Judea.

(vii) Simeon had an inheritance taken out of the portion already alloted to Judah, for whom it was found to be too large: namely the southwestern part of the maritime plain, with the land bordering on the desert as far eastward as Beersheba.

(viii) Zebulon received the mountain range which forms the northern border of the great plain of Zezreel or Esdraelon, between the eastern slopes of Carmel, on the west, and the southwest shore of the sea of Chinneroth and the course of the Jordan on the east.

(ix) Issachar's inheritance corresponded almost exactly to the great plain of Zezreel or Esdraelon, just mentioned. The territory seems to have been taken out of that of Manasseh, as Simeon's was out of Judah.

(x) Asher had the rich maritime plain extending from Mount Carmel to "great Sidon" and "the strong city Tyre."

(xi) Naphtali, the most powerful of the northern tribes, obtained the highlands which form the southern prolongation of the range of Lebanon.

(xii) Dan had at first a very small territory, northwest of Judah, almost entirely occupied by the Philistines. Because they found their lot too small for them, they made an expedition against Laish, in the extreme north of the land, at the sources of the Jordan. They took the city and destroyed the inhabitants.

Lastly, Joshua himself received, as his personal inheritance, the place he asked for, namely, Timnath-Serah, in Mount Ephraim, and he built the city of that name.

Each of the twelve tribes having received the lot of its inheritance, provision was next made for the cities of refuge, and for the habitation of the Levites. Six cities of refuge were, by God's direction, appointed by the people themselves—three on the west of Jordan, and three on the east. The Levites received forty-eight cities and their suburbs, which were given up by the several tribes in proportion to the number of cities they respectively possessed. Thus did the Lord give to Israel all the land which He had sworn unto their fathers, and they dwelt in it. "There failed not aught of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel; all came to pass" (Josh. xxi:43-45).

First Intermediate Department.

Geo M Cannon, Chairman; Wm D. Owen, Josiah Burrows ana J. W. Walker.

First Year

Biographical Sketches from the Book of Mormon

[Prepared by J. W. Walker.]

Lesson 16. Korihor, the Anti-Christ.

[For Second Sunday in July.]

Text: Alma 30.

Lesson setting: Time, place, etc.

Thought for the teacher: "But without faith it is impossible to please Him; for he that cometh to God must believe that He is and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

Memory gem: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork."

Truth to be taught: All creation gives evidence that there is a God. God and Christ have revealed themselves in this age of the world.

Point of contact: Lead the pupils to tell of things which give evidence to them of the existence of God. God and Christ have revealed themselves in this age of the world.

I. Prosperity of the Nephites.
II. Korihor appears in the Land of Zarahemla.
   1. Tries to turn the people from their belief.
   2. Denies the existence of God and Christ.
   3. Some follow him and enter into wickedness.
III. Korihor goes to the Land of Jershon.
   1. Works among the people of Ammon.
   2. They resent his work and take him before the High Priest.
   3. Banished, he goes to the land of Gideon.
IV. He is then taken before Alma at Zarahemla.
   1. Alma reproves him.
   2. Their conversation regarding God.
   3. Korihor asks for a sign.
   4. He is stricken blind after being warned of the judgments of God.
   5. Signs are for those who believe and obey.
   6. Tells of his downfall.
V. God's Love shown in Blessings that come to those who serve Him.
   1. The heavens, the earth, the birds, flowers, insects and most of all, the human body and its wonderful workings, all reveal the existence of God.
   2. Joseph's vision of the Father and the Son.

Lesson Statement: A reading of the original text (Alma, chapter 30,) will prove to be very interesting and furnish the very best lesson statement that could be given. Emphasis should be laid upon the Latter-day vision of the Father and Son as showing that they possess bodies like ours, the difference being a state of glory, advancement and perfection.

Lesson 17. Helaman.

[For Third Sunday in July.]

Text: Alma, chapters 36, 37, 45, 46, 53.
Lesson setting: Time, place.
Thought for the teacher: The promises of the Lord will not fail.
Memory gem: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him."
Truth to be taught: If we put our trust in the Lord, and doubt not, keeping His commandments, we shall prosper and be delivered from evil.
Point of contact: A short story of some incident in the home life of the children that will illustrate this truth can be told. Or the story of the "Crickets and Gulls"—a true story of trust in God and delivery from evil.

I. Who Helaman was.
II. Alma addresses his sons.
   1. His words to Helaman.
   2. His questions and prophecy as shown in chapter 45.
III. Helaman and others go out to preach.
   1. Many refuse to obey.
   2. Division and war follow for thirteen years.
IV. Two thousand young men help the Nephites.
   1. Who they were and the lives they lived (chapter 53).
   2. Request Helaman to be their leader.
   3. The Lord helps them (verses 6 and 25, chapter 57).
   4. No men known to fight so well. Why?
V. Peace is restored again.

For lesson statement see the above mentioned chapters.

Lesson 18. Moroni.

[For Fourth Sunday in July.]

Text: Alma, chapters 43, 44, 46.
Lesson setting: Time, place.
Thought for the teacher: If we live for it, "A voice shall be heard from behind us, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it when ye turn to the right or when ye turn to the left."
Memory gem: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."
Truth to be taught: Be true to your God, your religion and your country.
Point of contact: An appropriate simple story of loyalty.

I. Moroni, a Nephite prophet and courageous soldier.
   1. Nephites prepare to defend themselves.
   2. Moroni asks the prophet Alma to inquire of the Lord as to the Lamanites' plans.
   3. A terrible battle at the river Sidon.
   4. Moroni inspires them and turns defeat into victory.
II. Moroni and the Lamanite general meet.
   1. Zerahemnah refuses to take an oath.
   2. Lamanites finally defeated.

III. Great dissension among the Nephites.
   1. Amlickiah and the lower judges the cause of it.
   2. Moroni and the "Title of Liberty."
   3. Schemes of the wicked frustrated.
   4. The church, the government and the liberty of the people are saved.

IV. Alma's death.

Lesson statement: A reading of the short chapters of the text will amply suffice as a lesson statement.

Third Year—Life of Christ

[Prepared by George M. Cannon.]

Lesson 19. The Multitude Fed.

(For Second Sunday in July.)

Text: John 6:1-14; Luke 9:10-17; Matt. 14:13-21.

In the passages from the three Gospels above referred to, a most graphic account is given of the actions of the Savior, the Apostles and the five thousand who followed Jesus. The pupils can with profit read carefully these passages, and study the motives of those taking part in the scenes described. Many followed because of the spiritual blessings; many because of the healing power exhibited by the Savior; and others because of curiosity and the hope of being fed temporally.

The original text is more instructive than would be any description we can give. Notice particularly three points: The people are seated by the disciples in order by fifties and hundreds: The Savior takes five loaves and two small fishes and blesses and breaks these for distribution among the five thousand who are all filled; and the fragments are then gathered up and fill twelve baskets.

Lesson 20. Jesus Walks upon the Water.

(For third Sunday in July.)

Text: Matt. 14:22-23.

After the miracle of feeding the multitude both the disciples and the Savior desired to go where they might have rest. This feeling resutled in another most convincing miracle. The text above referred to tells the story beautifully:

"And straightway Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and to go before him unto the other side, while he sent the multitudes away.

"And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come, he was there alone.

"But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary.

"And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea. And when the disciples saw Him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear.

"But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.

"And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water.

"And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus.

"But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me.

"And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?

"And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased.

"Then they that were in the ship came and worshiped him, saying, Of a truth thou art the Son of God."

Lesson 21. Christ's Sermon on the Bread of Life.

(For fourth Sunday in July.)

Text: John 6:22-71.

The subject covered by the text above given may in some parts be a little difficult for boys and girls of nine to twelve inclusive to understand, but children do understand far more than we sometimes think possible. Some of the verses are very beautiful. The full text should be studied; and we commend the following to be memorized:

Verse 27: "Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you: for him hath God the Father sealed."

Verse 35: "And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of Life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

Verses 37 and 38: "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.

"For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me."

Verse 47: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.

Primary Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; assisted by Dorothy Bowman and Ethel Simons Brinton.

Lessons for July.

First Sunday.

When the Prophet Samuel poured oil on David's head, what did he anoint him to be? The Lord chose David because he could see his heart and knew it was good.

What kind of a boy was David? Good, obedient, brave and trusted the Lord.

How do you know he was obedient?

How do you know he was brave?

What made David so brave?

How did he prepare to meet the giant?

What did he say to the giant?

Tell about the battle. The giant's heavy armor and weapons could not hurt David in his shepherd's dress and with his sling, when the Lord was on his side and helped him.

Who loved David very much after this?

What position did he hold in the army?

What did all the people think of David?

When Saul listened to the evil spirit and grew jealous of David what did he seek to do?

The Lord was always protecting David because he was strong and brave and trusted Him.

Sometimes boys and girls are afraid of some things. Sometimes they get lost or are in danger. Who can always help us if we ask and trust Him? Even if we are all alone and in danger our Heavenly Father can hear us and help us if we ask Him. Have any of you boys and girls ever asked Him to help you? (May relate experiences.) If you are ever in trouble whom are you going to ask to help you?

Lesson 25. David's Respect for Saul.

Text: I Samuel 22, 23 and 24.

Reference: Juvenile Instructor, September, 1913.

Aim: The Lord blesses those who return good for evil.

Memory Gem: "Thou art more righteous than I; for thou hast rewarded me good, whereas I have rewarded thee evil."

I. David flees to escape Saul's anger.
   1. His followers.
   2. Delivers one of Saul's cities.

II. Delivered from Saul.
   1. Nearly surrounded.
   2. Saul recalled.

III. Saul in David's power.
   1. Saul sleeps in David's cave.
   2. David urged to slay him.

IV. Good returned for evil.
   1. David cuts off Saul's robe.
   2. The Lord's anointed.

V. Saul recognizes David's mercy and righteousness.

Notes: Have a little talk with the children about being kind to one another—never to quarrel, to let comrades play with their balls and other toys, etc., etc. Are they kind to all, or to just those who are kind to them? Jesus wants us to love everybody, even though some are mean to us. We are always happy when we are kind to others. Have you ever been kind to some one who had been unkind to you? Tell about it. How did it make you feel? No doubt the unkind person felt very much ashamed and sorry when you treated him kindly. This is returning good for evil. The person who is kind to enemies proves himself to be strong and noble and pleases our Heavenly Father. Jesus always forgave His enemies and was kind to them. We are going to learn how David was kind to his enemy.

Jonathan always tried to protect David, but when he found that Saul's heart was so filled with wicked jealousy that David was no longer safe, he gave him the signal to flee. Even before this, Saul had been cruel to David, but David had no hatred in his heart for Saul, and always tried to help him. Saul often listened to the wicked spirit and then tried to harm David because he was good and loved by all the people. An instance of his service to Saul was when he delivered one of the cities under direction of the Lord.

David always sought the aid of his Heavenly Father, who instructed him what to do. He told him that Saul would come upon his hiding place, so David and his followers left that city. Another time Saul's men had nearly surrounded David when the Philistines came to war, and Saul was compelled to go and fight them.

David and his followers then hid in some rocks that were very high and hard to climb. While in a large, dark cave, Saul came in and went to sleep, not knowing David was there. Saul would like to have killed David. What would David do to Saul! David's followers urged him to kill the king, but David was so good and noble that he did not even wish to hurt him. He remembered that Saul had been anointed

to be the king and he would not hurt the Lord's anointed, even though his own life were in danger while the king lived. David went up to Saul while he still slept, and cut a part of his robe, so he could show Saul how close he had been to him. Saul woke up and started on his way. David called to him: "My lord, the king," and bowed to the ground before him. Then he showed the part of the robe and Saul knew then that David could have killed him if he had wanted to. Saul then felt very sorry and ashamed. He wept bitterly and said, "Thou art more righteous," etc. Saul then admitted that he knew David would some day be the king.

David then must have felt very happy, as we all do when we treat others as we would like them to treat us, and our Heavenly Father surely loved David.

Lesson 26. Solomon.

Text: I Kings 3; II Chronicles 9.

Reference: Juvenile Instructor, September, 1913.

Aim: The desire for wisdom is pleasing to the Lord.

Memory Gem: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, and it shall be given him."

I. David's reign.
II. Solomon becomes king.
  1. Chosen of the Lord.
III. Solomon's Desire.
  1. Solomon asks for wisdom.
  2. The Lord's promise to him.
    Wisdom, riches, honor, long life.
IV. Wisdom of Solomon.
  1. Example of.
V. Solomon's kingdom.
  1. Extent.
  2. Riches.
  3. Renown.

Notes: There are so many lovely things to want in this wonderful world. Have the boys and girls ever thought of what you would like when you grow to be men and women? There is one thing that would please our Heavenly Father if we wished for it. That is wisdom—to be wise, to know a great deal. If we know a great deal then we can do very many things; we can do much good and make many people happy. Can you think of some very wise men or women? Joseph Smith was one man who was very wise and he received his wisdom from the Lord. The Lord said: "If any of you lack wisdom," etc., and Joseph Smith believed it, asked for it and the Lord gave it to him.

Today we are going to talk of another man who asked the Lord for wisdom. This man is Solomon, the son of David. David was king for many years after Saul and his sons were killed in battle. When David grew old the Lord chose Solomon to be the king. He was very young to be a king, but he tried to do what was right and loved and trusted the Lord.

Tell of the Lord's question to Solomon, of Solomon's great desire—the one thing above everything else. He wanted wisdom that he might bring blessings upon others and do the greatest amount of good to his people. He felt as a little child and desired wisdom? It was not a selfish wish. Tell how it pleased the Lord, and the Lord's promise to grant all the other blessings because he had so pleased Him.

Solomon's fame spread throughout the land, so wise did he become. Give example of the two mothers and their babes. He also became famous because of his riches. Tell of his magnificent surroundings, etc., etc. Tell of the Queen of Sheba coming to see if the things she heard were true. Portray the splendor she found.

Which of all Solomon's possessions was the best to have? Who gave Solomon his wisdom? The Lord can make us wise if we strive for it. What has He promised? "If any of you lack wisdom," etc.

Lesson 27. Solomon's Temple.

Text: I Kings 6; II Chronicles 3-7.

Reference: Juvenile Instructor, September, 1913.

Aim: The House of the Lord must be reverenced.

Memory Gem: "My house shall be called a House of Prayer."

I. Solomon's special work.
  1. David's desire.
  2. The Lord's instructions to Solomon.
II. Erection of the Temple.
  1. Many men employed.
  2. Cedars brought from other countries.
  3. Materials prepared so that hammer or ax was not heard in Temple.
  4. Seven years in construction.
III. Description of the Temple.
  1. Grandest ever built.
  2. Size: 105 feet by 35 feet and 52 feet high.
  3. Interior decorations.
    a. Two halls divided by vail, surrounded by chambers used by priests.
    b. "Molten Sea"—15 feet diameter, 7½ feet high; held 17,000 gallons.

c. Carvings, gold, draperies, precious stones, etc.
d. Beautiful furnishings, including magnificent plate collected since days of Saul.

IV. Dedication of the Temple.
1. Assemblage.
2. Removal of the ark to the Temple.
3. Solomon's dedicatory prayer and blessing.

Talk about the Salt Lake Temple.

Notes: Cedars and workmen were sent to David from Sidon and Tyre to build a house for himself, but he would not do it while the ark rested in a tent. Although David was not to build the Temple he gathered many beautiful things for it.

There were 10,000 men constantly employed in the Lebanons. They worked one month and then returned to their homes for two months while others took their places. The Lebanons were one hundred fifty to two hundred miles northeast of Jerusalem. They hauled the timbers thirty or forty miles to Mediterranean, took them in flats to Joppa, thence over good roads across the valley of Sharon up through low mountains of Judea to destination.

Phœnicia's chief cities, Sidon and Tyre, had only small seacoast, hence the inhabitants were artisans and merchants. Israelites were agriculturists, and exchanged raw materials for finished products, and timber of Lebanon, which was so close to Phœnicia.

It was a great day in Jerusalem when the holy ark was removed to the Temple.

Tell the children of the Salt Lake Temple, impressing its sacredness. If they have never seen the Temple, describe it in detail. A very excellent description may be obtained from D. M. McAllister's little book, "The Great Temple," published by the Bureau of Information.

Even if the children see the Temple every day, get them to look at it, note things about it and tell you of them.

Tell something of its history. Four days after the Pioneers arrived, President Brigham Young, striking his cane in the ground, said, "Here we will build the Temple of our God." On April 6th, 1853, the cornerstone was laid. It took forty years to build it. The people were poor, living in little more than a desert, but all helped and contributed to the Temple. Sometimes the work had to stop because people had no money. It is built of granite, hauled by oxen from a canyon twenty miles southeast of the city. There were no railroads when the Temple was started, and some of the blocks were so large that it took four yoke of oxen four days to haul one to the temple site. Some weighed over three tons.

The Temple is 186½ feet by 118½ feet, and 210 feet high to the east center tower. Of course, dimensions mean nothing to children unless used comparatively.

Tell something of the architectural design, the towers, the angel gilded with gold leaf, significance of some of the exterior carvings. Tell of the beautiful rooms, draperies, furnishings, paintings, etc., of the interior. Tell of the font—resting on twelve oxen, resembling in some respects the "molten sea" in Solomon's Temple.

Tell of the dedication which lasted for weeks so that all might go and see the Temple. Some of you teachers, no doubt, can relate your personal recollections of its dedication. Tell how it was very solemnly given to the Lord, as His house, where His work could be done. After its dedication only good Latter-day Saints can enter, and then they have to get a statement from their bishop and stake president saying they are good enough to go in the Lord's house. Other people cannot even go close to the Temple for there is a fence around its beautiful gardens which keeps them away.

Everything is so still and sacred. Many good people go there every day. They are baptized for dear ones who have died without being baptized the right way. Then those who have died can go to the Kingdom of Heaven. Other things are done for people who are dead. Sometimes things are done for those who are living. The very best way to be married, when boys and girls are grown up, is in the beautiful, holy Temple. That is the right way to be married. Instill in their hearts the desire to do work in the Temple when they are men and women.

July 25th. Pioneer Day.

Do you remember when we talked a few months ago of God's chosen people, the Israelites, traveling across the wilderness to reach the Promised Land, where they could serve the Lord as they knew was right? Do you remember their hardships and trials? Do you remember the leader, Moses, whom God raised up to direct His people?

Quite a number of years ago there lived some Saints right here in our United States who wanted to worship and serve the Lord as they knew was right. There were other people who did not worship the Lord in the right way and listened to the evil spirit so much that they persecuted the Saints very greatly. The Saints had nice, comfortable homes. The wicked men formed mobs and came and burned some of the

homes and churches and told the people they could not worship the Lord as they wanted to. They took the Saints' good Prophet, a man whom God had chosen and put him in jail and finally killed him. This Prophet's name was Joseph Smith.

The Saints could stand this no longer, so they prepared to leave their homes and gardens and seek a new home in a distant part of the country. A few, one hundred forty-three, prepared to go first, to find the place for the new home. God raised up another leader—a man who was as capable as Moses to lead the Lord's people. The Lord blessed this man with great wisdom in all he did. His name was Brigham Young. In selecting men to go with him, Brigham Young chose some carpenters, some blacksmiths, bridge builders, farmers, mechanics, etc., for they were going to a place where all these would be needed, for no one lived in this country. They took all kinds of provisions, for there would be no stores in which to buy things to eat or wear. They took cows and chickens. They took seeds to plant in their new home. Then they loaded all these things in wagons, for there were no trains to cross the plains, and yoked their oxen to make the long journey. Oxen are very much like cows, but larger and stronger—that is why they were used. (Show a picture.) The mothers and children rode in the wagons, but most of the men and boys walked. These people were called Pioneers, because they had to travel a long way to a new country where no people had ever lived before.

Tell of the many, many days of hard travel with no roads—just sagebrush and dry sand. Picture camp life. Hunters went out and supplied the camp with buffalo, deer, antelope, geese, ducks, etc. They often sang songs around their camp fires. Tell of how they camped at night with their wagons in a circle. They never traveled on Sunday.

Often they came to large streams of water to cross, with no bridges. Sometimes they saw some people with red skins, of whom they were afraid. Who do you suppose they were? Indians—a great many of them, wearing skins and blankets. They were not gentle and harmless as the few we see today, but were often cruel and even killed people. They were just like wild men. But the Pioneers were always good to them and so the Indians would trade blankets and beads for flour or sugar, etc., and go peaceably away.

Sometimes they saw a great cloud of dust away in the distance. As it came closer they could see black moving objects, then they could hear a loud noise like thunder. In a few minutes a large herd of buffalo would go galloping by. These herds were very dangerous, as there were so many that anything in their path would have been trampled down. Show a picture of a buffalo, and give an idea of how large they were.

Finally the Pioneers came to the mountains, which they had to climb—cutting their paths in the thick brush. At last they came to "Little Mountain." How many have ever heard of that place. Yes, all of you who have ever been in Emigration Canyon, for these Pioneers were some of our grandparents, and they had come to Utah. Tell of the sickness of Brigham Young and how, when he drove up in Wilford Woodruff's carriage and looked over the valley, he said: "This is the place. Drive on." There was no beautiful city here then, no houses, no temple, not even trees; nothing but sage brush and sunflowers, with Great Salt Lake in the distance. Tell how weary they were and to some it did not look inviting. But to Brigham Young was given a picture of the future—a picture of the beautiful Salt Lake City and surrounding towns we have today.

The day that Brigham Young entered this valley was just sixty-eight years ago yesterday, July 24, 1847. It was on Saturday, too. They had not been here but two hours when they started to plough the ground, so they could plant seed. They camped at the place where Auerbach's store is now.

The next day was Sunday, so no one worked, but they held meeting and thanked the Lord for bringing them safely to their new home. On Monday morning all were busy for seed must be planted and houses built. The next day, while all were busy, President Young planned Salt Lake City, and selected the Temple site, which we talked of last Sunday.

Do all you can to make the children honor those brave pioneers and appreciate the work they did that we now enjoy.

If time will permit, you might tell of the sea-gulls, comparing the protection of the Lord over the Latter-day Saints to the Israelites.

Kindergarten Department.

Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Assisted by Beulah Woolley.

For Stake Workers.

Suggestive program for June Union meeting.

I. Suggest appropriate music for the special Sundays in July.

II. From material suggested for each Sunday, have Morning Talks, fully developed in question form, by some teacher, as she would give them to the children, keeping in mind the aim for the month. For help see "Juvenile Instructor," June, 1912.

III. Paper: Summer work out of doors.
   1. Advantages.
   2. How to conduct nature work.
   3. How to conduct the lesson.
   4. What to substitute in place of games which are not appriate for the Sabbath Day.

IV. Discussion of paper.

V. Select and teach a song about bees or flowers which could be taught and used for out of door work.

In the crowded conditions of many wards it has been found advisable to take the children out of doors for class exercises. We believe this is a very good thing to do, but many teachers have no idea how to take advantage of the observations which can be made concerning nature, to bring thoughts of God's goodness to the children. So help them. Teach them nature's truths.

Work for July.

[Prepared by Sister Caroline Scholes of Cache Stake.]

Aim: Courage to do right wins the favor of God and man.

Suggestive songs:

"Hurrah for the Flag," Kindergarten Plan Book, page 64.

"A Little Boy's Walk," Finger Plays, by Emelie Poulsson.

"Put Your Shoulder to The Wheel," and "In Our Lovely Deseret," from Deseret Sunday School Song Book.

Memory Gems:

"Pretty stripes of shining red
Gleaming brightly overhead,
Broad, clear bands of white that glow
Like the newly fallen snow,
Pure stars in a field of blue,
That's the flag for me and you."

"I'm not so very big you see,
But people do not have to be
To love, with heart and purpose true,
The dear old read and white and blue."

"There's something red and white and blue,
It's very dear to me and you.
You think it is the flag? Well, yes.
However did you chance to guess?"

Rest exercises.

"Soldier Boy," Children's Old and New Singing Games, by Mari R. Hofer.

Take the children on an imaginary journey or trip to the canyon. Talk about the things we would see there. Go through the motions of birds and insects flying, the singing of birds, the hum of the bee, also the rustling of the leaves and the calls of some of the birds. Let the children suggest some of the things we see and do in the canyon. Part of the exercise can be sung to the tune of, "Here we go around the Mulberry Bush."

NATURE WORK.

First Sunday.

Talk about the flag, colors, their meaning, how many stripes and stars. How we should love the flag and honor it.

Second Sunday.

Talk about the mountains and streams, what they do for us, what we get from the mountains, woods, water. What the streams do for us and how the mountains help.

Third Sunday.

Tell of the work of the sun—makes the world bright, helps the flowers, trees, etc., to grow; makes the earth warm, ripens the fruits and grains. Lead the children to see that God sends the sun to shine, and how thankful we should be to Him for His many blessings.

Decorations: Have room decorated with flags, and, if possible, get some sage brush and sunflowers, also some red, white and blue flowers. Try to give the children the spirit of the month's work.

LESSONS.

First Sunday.

Independence Day.

Text: History of the United States.

What is today? Do you know whose

birthday it is? The Fourth of July is the birthday of our country. That is why we always have such a good time. We always have a good time on our birthday, don't we?

A very long time ago there was a body of religious people living in England. Each Sunday they went to a little church they had built, and sang songs and prayed to God. One day the king of that land said that they must not go to their little church any more, but that they must go to his church. They did not want to go to his church, because they knew he did many things which were not right and did not please Heavenly Father. So they did not go. Of course this made the king very angry, and he did everything he could to make the people very unhappy.

So the people said, "We will find a new home." They went to a country called Holland. Here the people talked Dutch, and lived very different to the people from England. But the Dutch people knew how to be kind. They let the strangers build a little church, and for a time they were happy. But they found that their little boys and girls were beginning to talk like the little Dutch children. They thought this would never do, so they said they would find a new home.

At this time they heard of America, a new country. They decided they would go there and make a new home. So they got ready for a long journey. They went back to England and got a ship that was called the "Mayflower." They had to go a long, long way on the water. The wind blew and the waves dashed high, but they were going to a place where they could pray as they wished.

They were a long time on the water. But there was one thing which happened while they were on the water which made them all very happy, and that was a little baby which came to one of the mamas. The baby was named Oceanus, because she was born on the water.

At last they came to the new land. There were no houses and not even green trees. The ground was all covered with snow. But they knelt down and thanked Heavenly Father for bringing them safely to their new home.

They had a very hard time. The wind blew, the snow fell, there was ice on the water, and they had very little to eat. They were brave, and as soon as they could they built houses, and a church in which they could pray to Heavenly Father.

There were other people who came to this new country, and soon there were a great many people. But the king made them very unhappy again, for he said they must send him money and do many things which they thought were not right. So some of the wisest and bravest of the men met and said that they would not belong to the king any longer. They all wrote their names on a paper and called it the Declaration of Independence. In the top of the building where they met was a big bell, and an old man who had been waiting to see if the wise men would put their names on the paper, rang the bell loud and long. The people waved their hands and shouted. The old man's little grandson said, "Ring, ring, grandpa, ring for liberty!" The cannon boomed and they made a big bonfire to tell how happy they were. All this happened on the first Fourth of July, long ago.

This made the king very angry, and he sent his soldiers over the ocean to make the people do as he wished. But they knew they were right, and Heavenly Father helped them. So they fought the king's soldiers, and after a very long time they sent them back over the ocean to their own country. The king had to let the people do what they knew was right. So now every Fourth of July we have the birthday of our country.

Application: Think of a number of specific instances which will help your children have courage to do right. For example: it may be hard for some little fellow to leave his playmates in a game when mother calls. You might say, "It is right to run to mother just as soon as she calls you."

Second Sunday.

Daniel in the Lion's Den.

Text: Daniel, 6th chapter.

A long, long time ago there lived in the city of Jerusalem, a little boy named Daniel. He had a dear, kind mother who taught him to pray to Heavenly Father. She told him that He wanted us to pray three times a day—in the morning, at noon, and at night. So Daniel did pray to our Heavenly Father three times a day. His mother also told him what was good for him to eat and drink, so that he would grow to be big and strong.

When Daniel had grown to be a big boy, a king from another country went to Jerusalem and took many of the people back to his home. Daniel was one of them. Because Daniel was so well and strong he was taken with some of the other boys to live in the king's home, or palace, as they called it. He was in a strange land and far away from home, but he did not forget the things his

mother had taught him. He was a brave boy and prayed to Heavenly Father to help him to do right. He ate and drank the things his mother had told him were good for him, so that when he was a man he was strong and wise.

The king needed the strongest and wisest men to help him rule his people, so Daniel was chosen. He could do so much for the people because he asked Heavenly Father to help him. The king was pleased with Daniel and learned to love him.

The others who were asked to help the king were angry with Daniel, because they thought the king loved Daniel more than he loved them. They wondered what they could do to get rid of Daniel. They thought and thought. At last they remembered that Daniel prayed to Heavenly Father three times a day.

They went to the king and asked him to make a law that for thirty days no one should ask anything of any man or god, except the king, and he who did should be put in a den of lions. This pleased the king, so he said he would make the law.

Daniel heard about the law, but he knew it was right to pray to Heavenly Father and to no one else, so he still prayed three times a day. His mother had taught him that it was right and he knew that it was Heavenly Father who had made him well and strong, so he kept on praying as he had always done.

The wicked men were watching. They watched him every day. So they went to the king and told him that Daniel was praying to God three times a day. Then the king did not know what to do. He loved Daniel and wanted to save him, but he knew he had made the law and that nothing could change it. So he sent for Daniel.

Daniel knew what the king wanted, but he was not afraid. He went bravely to the king, for he knew he had done right. He walked to the lion's den, opened the door, and walked in. Then the king locked the door.

The wicked men watched and were glad. They said, "Now we are rid of Daniel." The king went back to his palace. He could not eat his supper, neither could he sleep. He felt so sorry for Daniel. He prayed all night that God would help Daniel. The next morning he went down to the lions' den and called to Daniel and asked him if God was able to keep him from the lions. How glad he was when Daniel answered him and told him that God had shut the mouths of the lions and that they had not hurt him.

The king sent for his men to open the door,and Daniel walked out. Heavenly Father had taken care of him and not one of the hungry lions had touched him.

The king then made another law and told all the people to pray as Daniel did to the true God.

Application: God wants every little boy and girl to keep the Word of Wisdom, and to pray to Him every day.

Third Sunday.

The Pioneers.

Text: History of Utah.

Many, many years ago there were no houses here where we now live. There was just sage brush, sunflowers, wild animals, and Indians. Most of the people lived far away from here, in a beautiful city called Nauvoo. This city was by a big river.

The people could not be happy, because wicked men tried to take their homes away from them. Their leader, Joseph Smith, whom they loved very much, was killed, and the people were driven from their homes. No one was safe who belonged to our Church. But they knew it was right, so at last they decided to leave Nauvoo and seek a new home.

Brigham Young was chosen to be their leader. Heavenly Father told him to tell the people what to do. They were to help each other get ready for the long journey, and were to work every day except Sunday.

Brigham Young told the people that if they would trust in God, He would help them and would lead them to a place where they could live in peace and happiness, and could pray to God in their own way.

There were no trains for them to go on, so they used large wagons—those with white tops like the farmers use. In these they put plows, seeds, flour, clothes and everything they thought would help them in their new home. Some of them did not have horses to pull their wagons, so they used oxen. (Show picture of oxen if you have one.)

Most of the mothers and children rode, but the fathers and boys walked. It was a long, long way to travel. People who travel a long way to a new country are called Pioneers, so these people were called Pioneers.

Brigham Young told them to stay close together, so they would not get lost or killed. He told them to always have their guns with them. It was a very dangerous journey, but the pioneers did not mind for they knew it was right to

go. They got up early every morning, had prayers, fed their horses, oxen and cows, ate their breakfast, and started on their journey. At night, when they stopped to rest, the wagons were put in a circle and the animals were put inside the circle so they couldn't get lost.

Often after supper was over and the work for the night was done, the people would sing and tell of God's goodness to them. Then they would have prayers and all would go to bed, except the men who stayed awake all night to see that no harm came to the company.

They traveled every day except Sunday. On that day they rested, held meetings and sang songs. Monday when they started on their journey again they were all rested and the animals could better pull their heavy loads, climb mountains, and swim across rivers.

Sometimes the pioneers had to stop to build bridges and cut down brush; but they were brave, they trusted in God, and at last they reached their new home.

They knew it was the right place because Heavenly Father had told Brigham Young all about it.

There wasn't anything to see but rocks, sage brush, and wild flowers. The first thing they did was to plow the ground and plant some of the seeds they had brought with them, because they knew they would have to have something to eat in the winter. They had to begin to build houses, too.

One of the first things they did was to climb to a hill near by, and put up our flag on the highest point they could find.

The very next day after they got to their new home was Sunday. Of course they had no meeting house, but they could meet in the open air, and that is what they did. Brigham Young had been very sick, but he went to the meeting and sat in a chair and talked to the people. He told them not to work on Sunday, and that if they would keep the Sabbath day holy Heavenly Father would bless them.

The pioneers worked hard and soon they had a beautiful city. Now they love to tell their children and grandchildren about that wonderful journey. Every year we have a holiday to help us to remember, and that is on July 24th, Utah's birthday.

Application: On Sunday we go to Sunday School, and when we go home we spend the day quietly because it is the Sabbath, a day in which to try to serve and please our Heavenly Father.

Fourth Sunday.

A children's day. Take the children to the home of some old persons in your ward, preferably an early settler in your community, and let them sing some of their songs and give flowers to those they visit. If this cannot be done, review one of the previous lessons. Let the children choose.

Faith and Prayer.

O faith and prayer, thou are my friend;
  What would I do without thee?
To me in need thine aid will send
  And bring God's peace unto me.

At times the darkness thick and fast
  Will gather 'round our pathway,
But faith and prayer shines out at last
  And trials seem but hearsay.

O faith and prayer, be ever mine,
  And I will try to keep thee
Around my life to ever shine,
  And trials crush beneath me.

—Emma E. Lindsey.

Notes on Our History.

By Delbert W. Parratt, B. S., Director in Utah State Historical Society.

XVII—A NEW LAKE DISCOVERED.

In 1776 the entire New Mexican country belonged to Spain. The region was placed under the care of Governor Don Pedro Firmin with headquarters at Santa Fe. In the early summer of 1776, Governor Firmin called a conference to be held at the capital city for the purpose of discussing the proposed freight route from Santa Fe to Monterey. Those especially requested to be in attendance were Father Antanasio Dominguez and Father Silvestre Velez de Escalante, two reliable Franciscan missionaries who had succeeded in making extended travels and many friends among the northern Indians. It was principally Escalante's valuable experiences with these natives that impelled him to urge consideration of the northwestern route through the lands of the friendly Yutas. This proposed plan was finally agreed to and the two fearless, devout monks were delegated to conduct the long, perilous expedition across unexplored wilernesses and among unknown tribes to fellow Franciscans at Monterey.

On July 29, 1776, just one month from the time the governor issued his convention call, the company was organized, equipped, and on its way out from Santa Fe. In addition to the two Fathers, the party consisted of Juan Pedro Cisneros, mayor of Zuni; Bernardo M. Pacheco, a retired captain; Joaquin Lain, of Santa Fe; Lorenzo Olivares, of Paso; Andres Muniz, Lucricio Muniz, Juan de Aguilar, and Simon Lucero. With horses and pack mules and with necessary food, raiment, and camp accessories, and also quantities of pocket knives and glass beads, the courageous explorers headed northwestward and followed for many days a trail previ-

A TYPE OF COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH THE ESCALANTE PARTY TRAVELED ENROUTE TO UTAH VALLEY.

ously traversed by two daring Spaniards named Rivera and Posado.

Just how far north Posado went is not definitely known, although we are certain he traveled at least to the Grande River; but in relation to Rivera, Escalante, under date of Aug. 27, referring to the Green River and one of its branches in Colorado, says: "There came to these two rivers in the year 1761, Don Juan Maria de Rivera, * * * * The place where he camped before crossing the river and where he said he cut the picture of the cross on a young poplar tree, with initials of his name, and the year of his expedition, are still found at the junction of these rivers on the southern bank, as we are informed by our interpreter, Andres Muniz, who came with said Don Juan Maria in the year referred to." Among those who came to this place on the Green River with Maria were Pedro Mora and Gregoria Sandoval, both of whom revisited the place in 1775.

On leaving Rivera's old camp, then the northern extremity of Spanish inland explorations, Escalante's party went a few miles further northwest, and then turning due west reached the present boundary line between Utah and Colorado at a place almost due east from the north end of Utah Lake. This was in early September. The thirteenth of this month saw the travelers camped on the main stream of the Green River in Utah at a point just opposite from the present thriving town of Jensen. Regarding this place Escalante records, "There is here a fine plain abounding in pasturage and fertile, arable land, provided it were irrigated. * * * * We took observations by the polar star and found ourselves in 41 degrees 19 minutes latitude." For two days the party and animals rested at this delightful spot and while so doing, Lain chiseled his name and "Year 1776" in the bark of a big black poplar growing near the river. Here some of the party succeeded in killing a small buffalo and here also the Indian guide, Silvestre by name, "from mischief, mounted a very vicious horse, which

SPANISH FORK CANYON, AS IT IS TODAY.

fell, throwing the fellow some distance." "We," continues Escalante, "were much frightened, thinking that the fall had injured the Laguna, who, recovering from his fright, began to shed tears and cry aloud; but God permitted that the horse received all the wounds, injuring his neck, and so being useless."

On Sept. 16, the party was again following Indian and buffalo trails leading somewhat south of west to Bush Creek, then across the Uintah River, up the Duchesne to Strawberry Creek, and on to Currant Creek. At Currant Creek the powerful horse just mentioned died from injuries to its neck caused in the skirmish with Silvestre at Green River. Pushing ahead, directed by Silvestre, the explorers once more crossed Strawberry Creek, made for Thistle Creek Canyon, zigzaged down to Soldier Fork, and at length reached Spanish Fork Canyon.

The Indian guide was now nearing the home of his tribesmen and became very anxious to meet them. On Sept. 21, Escalante complains, "The guide wishing to travel faster than we are able, went so fast that at every step he was hidden from us in the forest; we could not follow him, because beside from the density of the forest, there was no path, and we could not find the trail. We continued through the forest and the farther we went the more dense it became, until after going half a league (a league equals 2.4 miles) to the west, we came out of it upon a small hill, from which the guide showed us the side on which was *the lake;* and to the southeast of this another part of the Sierra (Wasatch) in which he lived, he told us, and also a great many people speaking the same language and of the same great tribe as the Lagunas. From this hill * * we went down to the west, breaking through brush wood of cherry and small oak, almost impenetrable till we came to another forest, through which we thought the packs could not pass without unloading the animals. In this forest the guide continued to annoy us by his fast going, so that we were obliged to stop him and not permit him to go alone."

On the morning of Sept. 23, at the headwaters of Spanish Fork Canyon, the Indian seemed more anxious than ever to hurry on to his people. The Fathers, feeling certain they could follow down the canyon in safety, consented to let the Indian go ahead. They gave their guide and also Joaquin, a native lad who had accompanied the party, each a yard of woolen cloth and also a yard of red ribbon. With these the Indians bedecked themselves and then made off down the canyon, leaving the Spaniards to find the way as best they could. After encountering many difficulties, the explorers succeeded in getting pretty well down the canyon, and then, writes Escalante, "We continued to the northwest half a league, crossing to the other side of the river (Spanish Fork Creek); ascended a low hill and beheld the lake and extended valley of Nuestra Senora de la Merced de los Timpanogotzis, as we called it; we also saw smoke arising from all parts, the news of our entrance having gone before us."

So far as is known Escalante and party were the first white men to see bison in what is now Utah.

We may well imagine the little party

of ten lonely Spaniards standing in this wild picturesque canyon gazing intently at the placid lake spreading far below. Here and there around the new lake curls of silvery smoke ascended announcing the advent of white men into the beautiful isolated valley. Regarding this entry Escalante says: "We now descended to the level at the entrance of the valley, crossing to the other side of the river again and going more than a league by its extended plains along the northern bank, we crossed to the opposite bank and halted on one of its southern plains, which we named Plain of the Sweet Name of Jesus."

"For many years," writes Dean Harris, "the impression has prevailed that Escalante, when arriving at Utah Lake, came down the Provo River and entered the valley through Provo Canyon. There can be little doubt but this supposition is erroneous."

Fathers Escalante and Dominguez found their way into Utah Valley in 1776, the year in which the British Colonies of our country declared themselves free from and independent of further British rule. That was just two hundred thirty-five years from the time Cardenas with his twelve soldiers came into the southern part of what is now Utah, or seventy-one years before the advance parties of "Mormon" pioneers first beheld the then barren wastes of the valley of Great Salt Lake.

The Wanderer.

By Mrs. L. H. Roylance.

I long for the breath of thy lake-gemmed hills,
For the welcoming song of thy turbulent rills;
The acres broad of thy fertile soil
Reclaimed from the waste by thy sons of toil,
And unclaimed yet
The sage-clad slopes where the blue bells nod,
'Mid the Indian paintbrush, and golden-rod,
Where the sunflower lifts its face to the sky,
And the Sego bells' creamy cups gladden the eye.
Oh, Deseret!

I long for thy wild-rose scented dales
And the quiet peace of thy sunny vales,
Where the butterflies flit and the drooning bees
Buzz in the blossoms of orchard trees.
I fain would let
Thy snow crested mountains shelter me.
Ah, could I only return to thee,
And find in some valley or wooded knoll
A haven of rest for my world-tired soul,
Oh, Deseret!

Talks on Thrift.

By T. D. MacGregor.

NO. XII—THRIFTY HOME OWNERS.

"We regard thrift as close to the basis of domestic felicity."—Judge Arthur J. Lacy, Detroit.

One of the objects for which many thousands in this country are saving is the ownership of their homes. This is a purpose which bankers are always glad to encourage because the home-owner is an especially desirable citizen and he usually calls upon the bank to aid him in attaining his purpose.

In the owned home the ideal family life is found. Children are brought up in the most wholesome surroundings.

The man who owns his home has increased his assets of self-respect and independence. He has high ideals and a deep sense of the responsibilities of life. He is generally optimistic and bears the troubles that come during a lifetime more easily than the man who is living for the moment.

He studies civic problems; he wants to know "who's who" in municipal affairs, as he pays taxes directly out of his pocket, and thus the matter is brought closer to him than in the indirect way of paying rent.

He takes comfort in the fact—and his wife sleeps better for it—that if he is taken away his wife and children will have a roof over their heads. The family is kept intact through the ownership of the home. The widow keeps the children in school and gives them a better start in life. Many cases of this kind are known.

So, if you are reasonably sure of being located permanently in one place of business, it will pay you to save money and buy your home.

NO. XIII—WASTE IN AMERICA.

"We are an unduly extravagant people; and the lesson of the hour is economy, to add as little as possible to the heavy burden of credit which the country is now called upon to bear. Let us save every dollar we can against the day of investment opportunity just ahead of us. This is best for the individual and for the country as a whole, as we will have no financial help from Europe for years to come—and great development work will need every dollar that can be saved."—Ray Stannard Baker.

Now, it is a particularly good time for us Americans to consider earnestly the necessity that is laid upon us to conserve our resources of all kinds.

One of the Belgian delegates who called on President Wilson recently was greatly astonished at what he saw in this country of the reckless use of our opportunities. He said:

"On our ride to Chicago we saw hundreds of miles of fertile lands lying fallow. We saw orchards and fields with ungathered products rotting on the ground. We saw miles of young trees being destroyed by fires started by engine sparks and left to burn unnoticed. Everywhere the farms and residences were divided by wooden fences that contained enough lumber to build the homes of an empire.

"The waste of America is not confined to materials. Never can a European believe the magnitude of wasted labor in America unless he visits the cities. Hundreds of thousands of men, whose energy might be applied to production, remain in enforced idleness.

"In the country, wasted lands; in the cities, wasted men. On the trees and plants, ungathered food; in the centers of population, hungry people. Those are the economic elements of American life. Why do not the statesmen here address themselves to bringing about an adjustment that will cure these evils?

"If any country in Europe had such bounteous natural wealth, such limitless land area fit for cultivation, and

such unused labor energy, it would be quickly transformed into prosperity beyond dreams. Why, in Belgium even our dogs work. Every city lot is cultivated and most of our garden truck is raised on less ground than Americans waste in unused back yards."

Undoubtedly there are answers to some of these criticisms from this foreign observer, but we must plead guilty to being wasteful.

It is probable that the great European War will result in more thrift in the United States nationally and individually. There are several reasons for this belief. Every citizen in America will feel the strain of this crisis, and most of us will be disposed to retrench and to intrench ourselves by puttitng more money into the bank as a reserve fund and for investment purposes.

For many years after this war all the savings of the people of Europe probably will go into the securities of their governments which will need to do some tremendous borrowing to pay the costs of the vast struggle. So that little capital from Europe can be expected for a long time to help American development, as it has in the past. We must finance ourselves.

Undoubtedly also there will be a great after-the-war immigration to America from the European countries. This influx will contain many who, both from training and necessity, are thrifty and in the main they will be a desirable element in our population. Quite possibly we can learn some valuable lessons from them.

PRIMARY CLASS, ASHTON SUNDAY SCHOOL, YELLOWSTONE STAKE.
Teachers, Margaret Davis and Mrs. Rosie Farnsworth.

Stories by Students.*

I.

WARNER AND HIS BEES.

By Lucile Brady.

Jim came up the path and entered the bee yard. He glanced around, and then as if looking for some one, began nervously walking around the open bee hives.

"What a foolish trick in father," he thought, "to leave the hives open. The hot sun will soon melt the wax entirely out of the frames. I do wonder where he can be at this time of day."

Carefully covering the boxes and shading the great tank of honey that stood open in the middle of the apiary, he picked up a shovel and 'mozied' off toward the house. As he came along the walk, his face lighted up with a mischievous smile.

There sat his father in the great arm chair in the shade of the porch. His head was bandaged, and as he rocked to and fro on the creaking boards, his thumbs made continuous revolutions around each other, and every little while he smacked his lips, which were swollen to more than double their original thickness.

"You bet y'er life, you bet y'er life! Just let them there devilish things try it again, and I'll burn ever' last one of 'em!"

Jim burst into a fit of subdued laughter, which however his father did not hear. Not daring to approach the subject of the bees, he humorously asked concerning an earlier flare-up:

"What was the matter with you and old Boss out in the corral this morning?"

"I wonder now who's been so kind as to tell you such nonsense?"

"Oh, no one needed to tell me. But what was it you were using?—one of those new slabs out of the work shop?"

"I reckon, now, I reckon!" said Mr. Warner sarcastically, continuing to wiggle his thumbs, and tap his toes on the boards; "I can take a hint, Jim, without waiting for the kick."

"The old cow must have hinted pretty strongly, then?"

"You bet y'er life,—and I wasn't the only one that got a hint."

"I suppose then we'll have another trip to town after slabs to finish the work-bench."

"Jest you never mind about that now," said the old man irascibly.

Mrs. Warner at that moment appeared in the door-way, a broad and rather mischievous smile on her face. Mr. Warner, hearing her, turned and gave her a corner-wise glance from beneath his swollen eye-lids; at which a thrill of laughter from half a dozen observers filled the air. Presently she came around and sat down on the edge of the porch.

"Father has been in serious trouble all day," she began. "Old Boss was kinda cold and nervous this morning, at least I—I heard something to that effect." The old lady's smile broke into a hearty laugh, and she was about to continue.

"Now, ye needn't go to tellin' about them bees, fer they won't last long. I am going to burn every one of 'em!"

Mr. Warner was really a generous-hearted old man, kind and jovial. All of his grandchildren dearly loved to be near him, as did also his own grown-up children. But he was stern and of such a doggedly stubborn nature, that nothing, no matter how great, could change his mind once made up.

As he began to feel less crippled, and the poison from the bee stings left his body, he made preparations to carry out his threat. His wife pleaded but in vain. When the time arrived for the great fire, all the grandchildren had gathered to see go up in smoke the

*From Prof. N. L. Nelson's English classes, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

makers of that honeycomb which they so dearly loved.

"What will we do for honey-cake and candy, Grandpa, when the bees are burned? And where will we get our honeycomb?"

Grandpa only wiggled his thumbs and smacked his lips.

Grandma with tears in her eyes put on her bee-hat and went to bid farewell to the honey and honey-makers. The grandchildren, nearly thirty-five in number, were there also with bee-vails on, but not this time to help gather and extract the honey. With moistened eyes, they wistfully watched Pa Warner pile the empty frames carelessly into the middle of the group of hives filled with swarming masses of bees.

"Bring me some matches and this will soon all be over."

Then turning toward the group of anxious young folks he spied the face of little John. With blue eyes sternly fixed on his Grandfather, that youngster said:

"Can't we say good-by to them, Grandpa?"

The old man choked.

"Say good-by to them twenty times!" he snarled. "Yes, have a farewell candy pull, why don't you, right here in the old bee-house!"

Every face lighted with a smile, and the children hurried toward their grandfather. But with furious eyes and flushed face he walked madly away to the uncapping tank, and impatiently sat down on a board which sparkled and glistened in the sunhine with fresh, sticky honey. Again his anger rose high on seeing that his remark had been taken in earnest; but slowly muttering to himself he unwillingly yielded to their request.

"Yes,—get the largest bucket in the house and I'll fill it from the tank. Clean the boiler, and we'll have a genuine farewell candy-pull."

"No," answered Jimmie, "we want to take the honey ourselves from one of these hives and have it nice and fresh."

This remark was almost unbearable; but Warner still kept his seat, all the while smacking his lips and twiddling his thumbs.

The children set to work, busier than the proverbial hive of bees, all listening to and being guided by Grandma, as are the bees by their queen. The sun grew hot, nevertheless they worked steadily on—the bees gathering nectar from field and flower, the children finished product from the honeycomb.

The odor of the cooking candy was soon borne out upon the breeze. Then the voices of the children, like the hum of the bees, died down to the contented murmur of candy-pulling, and candy-sucking.

At length Grandpa Warner, whose eyes had grown progressively less fierce, and on whose face the tender, kindly smile had come again, melted like an icicle in the sun, and stuck fast to the board on which he sat.

"You won't burn 'em, will you, Grandpa?" coaxed little Johnnie, one sticky arm around the old man's neck.

"You bet y'er life I won't! As long as I live, them bees will stay right here, so we can always have a candy pull when we want it!"

II.

THEIR FIRST BEAR.

By Margy Lisonbee.

The sun had sent its last rays across the valley. Far up the fast darkening canyon a herd of sheep were pushing and crowding on their homeward way. Just behind in the dust came a ranchman with a long brown-gray beard. At his side trudged a small, spindle-legged boy of about eight years. They followed down the canyon, first on one side then on the other; for there was no road except that made by the sheep.

As they passed "One Mile Canyon,"

little Chris moved closer to the man and asked:

"Is there true bears up there, pa?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Andy said they'd eat little boys up. Will they, pa?"

"I'm afraid they would, son, if you got in their way."

Little Chris came closer to his father and took hold of his hand. Just then the dog growled. Mr. Peterson whistled to him and, walking a trifle faster, urged on the sheep. They were some distance from the ranch and it was getting late.

The ranchman knew supper would be ready, and there were extra chores tonight, for the stage, which had brought in several passengers from Salt Lake, had been quite late. This in turn had made him late in starting for the sheep; also the sheep had gone farther up the canyon than usual. Altogether he was later than he knew was best; and to be without a gun in the evening in a wild canyon in Utah in early days was not safe.

It was good dusk, as they left the canyon and came out on to the main road. About a mile ahead and a little to the right, twinkled the light of the ranch house.

"Chris, my boy, can you go to the house and tell Andy to bring me the gun?"

"Course I can. Can't I come back?"

"Not tonight, my boy," said the father as he cast a look backward.

Little Chris wondered why he could not come back and why his father wanted the gun. Just then he heard a sniffle, and turning around saw, a hundred yards back in the road, a huge black bear. It was sitting down in the middle of the road and turning its head slowly from side to side.

"Don't be afraid, Chris," said his father; "just walk fast. The bear will stay here with me.

"I'm not very much afraid," said little Chris bravely.

"Don't run," said his father. He knew that little Chris was not strong, and that it was best for him not to be frightened.

Off Chris started on a walk; then as he drew a little way ahead of the sheep, he began to walk faster; next he began a slow run, which soon grew faster and faster. Once on looking around to see if the bear was close behind him, he stumbled and fell; up he jumped, however, and was off again faster than before. The boy was out of breath when he reached home. All he could say was "Bear," and point toward the canyon.

Andy snatched the gun, and jumping astride his favorite horse, was off in a second. He met his father a half mile from where little Chris left him; and handing him the gun he continued driving the sheep toward the ranch. Andy stopped every little while and looked over his shoulder.

"Wonder if father's got up to him yet? Hope the black brute's not gone far. These measly, pokey sheep; they were never so slow before."

Andy whistled to the dog and the two of them together made the sheep move faster. No sooner did he have the little flock safe for the night, than he started back on the run.

"Hello there, Andy. Hold on a jiffy. I want to get in on this. You needn't be in such a rush," called Andy's chum.

Andy had forgotten all about Dick, who after hearing the frightened boy's story, knew Andy would want his new gun.

"Take this and let's hurry," said Dick; "I'd sure like to get that bear."

The boys started off at a run. They had not gone far, when they heard a shot. Shortly afterward another.

"Let's take this trail," panted Andy. "The shots seem to be over there."

The trail led through the hay field to the tops of the hill, then down into a deep ravine, through the brush and trees, and across a stream just below the spring.

It was a shady cool place in summer, but a dark place at night.

Dick had run faster than Andy and was some distance ahead. He knew the trail well, and had run lightly all the way without a misstep. Just as he reached the brook he heard Andy's father call hurriedly:

"Stay on the hill. Don't come down by the spring."

But Dick was already by the spring. He first heard a splash then a deep growl, and less than a rod from him a great mouth opened with white teeth. Dick thought it best to let the bear have the trail, and turned into the brush. The bear thought it best to have his supper and followed Dick. Dick was tired and it was dark, but up the hillside he clambered, his company only a few feet behind.

Dick next heard a shot; the bear gave an angry growl, stopped, and stood erect. Now was the boy's chance. He turned and fired just as the bear was getting ready to spring forward. The ugly brute dropped to the ground in a heap and turned over.

Dick gave one loud whistle which brought Andy to his side. Stooping down he drew a hunter's knife from his boot-leg.

"You see, I had time, while you were after the sheep, to think of what we might need."

That evening at the Peterson supper table, Andy and Dick were the heroes; they had killed their first bear. Andy had fired the first shot wounding him severely. Dick's bullet had gone through his heart.

Little Chris did not go to bed till midnight. It was doubtful which his eyes grew biggest for, the shaggy, black skin spread out on the kitchen floor, or the two redoubtable hunters, who strutted about the room and retold the story twenty times.

III.

THE FIRE.

By J. Leland Dewey.

"Say, Willie, you got any matches?"

"Yes, a few, Carl, why?"

"That's good. Let's go out and smoke bark cigarettes. I've got some paper. But say, Willie, we gotta keep our eyes open or someone'll see us. If father finds it out, we'll catch it."

It was a mild day in January and the sunshine was greatly appreciated, as it usually is during this month. The south side of the old barn made an excellent place to enjoy the genial warmth.

The boys made themselves comfortable and were puffing and inhaling contentedly, when they heard the door of the house slam and heavy steps approach.

"Will, do you hear that? It's dad. Let's go. He's coming right this way. Move! Hurry! There's only one chance—into the straw hole—quick!"

Here they huddled down like two little pigs on a winter's night. For a few minutes they were quiet, not daring to move a straw. Carl finally ventured to raise his head, which was all covered with chaff, and peep out.

"Can you see him?" whispered Willie.

"Yes, he's watering the horses. He's kicking old Sam 'cause he won't drink. I guess he'd kick us, if he found us here. Sh! sh! Be quiet! He's coming back!"

A few minutes later, Willie broke the silence.

"Cal, I'm all cramped up. My legs have gone to sleep and my eyes are full of straw. I've got to git out o' here. I can't stand it no longer. Can you?"

"Listen, Willie, listen! What's that?"

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

"It's the fire-bell. Come on, let's see the fun. Pa's in the house by now. We're safe."

So out they jumped and brushing themselves, ran towards the gate.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong! Ding-dong!

"Look! Look! Oh, dear! Look!" exclaimed Carl. "The barn's on fire. Our barn, and, oh, we done it, Willie!"

Sure enough, the blaze was nearly

to the top of the south gable. People were running in every direction shouting "Fire!" and getting buckets to help put out the flames. The horses and cows were crazed by the sight, and dashed madly against the yard fence. Chickens, ducks, geese, and pigeons flew for their lives. The sheep huddled in a bunch in the pasture, and stared in dumb terror. Everything and everybody was in confusion.

Knowing what they had done, the boys were afraid to go near the fire, but fled in terror to their little room in the attic. At first they hid under the bed, but the noise outside soon made them curious, and they crawled stealthily toward the little gable window.

The sight that met them almost raised their hair. Great columns of black smoke from the burning hay poured from the upper windows of the barn and flashed into flame as soon as they got air; the roof was one broad sheet of flame, rising in angry tongues toward the sky; and even as they looked the whole structure fell with a crash.

That was too much for the boys' nerves. Getting into bed they covered their faces with quilts, and in due time fell into a troubled sleep. Later, when the family began to miss them, then mother came up to their room but thought best not to disturb them.

It was dark when Carl and Willie awoke. Silently they made their way down the stairs, but hesitated a long time before opening the door of the kitchen. They found the family gathered about the stove in silence, their father with his head buried in his hands. The deeply repentant lads finally stepped up to him, and Carl being the older said:

"Father, will you forgive us? Willie and me—we—"

"What! you little— How?" said the father jumping up, his eyes flashing with anger.

"Why, a-a-we was smok-smoking by the barn today and wh-when we heard you com—coming we throwed our—cig—cig—smokes down and they must have g—got in the h—hay.

"Ah! I see it all! You little rascals! You—"

"Stop, David, don't strike!" said a kind, but firm voice. "Don't strike those boys. Strike yourself first. You set the example before them."

The man's arms fell to his sides, and he dropped into his chair, unable to speak, knowing that his wife told the truth.

For a few moments everything was quiet. All were thinking deeply. Soon Willie slipped over to his mother and whispered,

"Was our pony burned?"

"Yes, my boy; you have killed your dear little pony. He was left in the barn where you tied him."

Willie pushed his head into his mother's lap and sobbed bitterly. Carl soon joined him.

Presently their mother, placing her hands on their heads, said:

"I hope, boys, you have learned a lesson that will last you through life. Now go to bed and in your prayers ask your Heavenly Father to forgive you."

A Brave Resolve.

There may be glory in the might
That treadeth nations down—
Wreaths for the daring warrior,
Pride for the kingly crown;

More glorious is the victory won
O'er self-indulgent lust,
The triumph of a brave resolve
That treads a vice to dust.

—Whittier.

Bird Lore.

From "Our Dumb Animals," By Permission.

Protect the Birds.

All about us at this season of the year are thousands of bird babies. Every apple and pear tree, every shade tree, is a bird nursery; the vine on the porch, the barn eaves, the grass in the meadow—each has its hidden, happy nestful. Their mission is one not only of joy and music but of economic value. Blessings on the bird babies! Don't disturb their little nests when the mother is away hunting their food. The boy who protects the little bird homes is much more of a boy than the one who tries to make a big egg collection.

Where the Humming-bird Builds Her Nest.

Probably it isn't so long a chase as that in the story where the children sought the "Bluebird's" nest, but when one goes out to find the nest of the humming-bird he'll discover that it takes sharp eyes indeed, and, once the nest has been found, that it is well protected from its foes.

The little humming-bird is among the most defenseless of creatures, but Dame Nature, in turn, has furnished it with a wisdom that far exceeds that of many larger creatures, bird or otherwise. Not alone does the humming-bird build its nest with an outer covering of lichens and tree-moss the very color of the branch it builds on, but it takes goodly care, whenever possible, to locate this nest among sharp spines or thorns, on the tree. Thus any of the cat tribe or other prowlers that might slink up another bough and, finding her home, feast upon its contents, are warded off by the sharp spines of the tree, and the humming-bird needs only guard against aerial foes during the time that she incubates her tiny egglets.

The Baltimore Oriole or Golden Robin.

Among the most brilliantly dressed as well as sweetest singing birds that summer anywhere in the United States is the Baltimore oriole. Have you ever wondered how this bird got its name? It was because of its colors, black and orange—the colors of the arms of Lord Baltimore to whom Maryland first belonged, and who was so delighted with the bird that he named it after himself.

The Baltimore oriole is one of the most fearless of all our birds, often building its nest in the branches of a tree in the noisiest section of a city, where its cheery song is heard above the din and clatter of the street.

The nest of this beautiful bird is very interesting, and displays great skill in the making. In shape, it resembles a long pouch and is swung hammock fashion from two twigs at the extremity of a lofty, drooping branch. It is formed of vegetable fiber and wool, closely interwoven, then securely sewed in place with very strong stitches. The thread used for sewing is usually long horse-hairs, though, especially if the nest is within close range of civilization, bits of string, thread or silk floss are used. The mother bird does the building, while her mate searches for and brings the material. The Baltimore oriole contributes its beauty and cheer to brighten life's pathway, and should be sure of protection from us all.

Helping the Linnets.

On one of the sides of a southern California home a beautiful wistaria extends to the roof, twining around the chamber window of one of its occupants, a little boy about eight years old. He is the son of Dr. S. C. Edmiston of Los Angeles. One day he discovered two linnets building

their nest; he was much interested and wanted to help them, so often through the day he put bits of string and pieces of wool on the window-sill which they immediately carried away to line their nest. In that way it was soon finished and, being within a few inches of the casement, little Burton and the birds soon became friends. The birds seemed to be perfectly fearless as they sat on the eggs, winking up at their friend with their bright little eyes and always ready for any crumbs which he might leave for them. Hearing that the boy was ill I went one day to see him and the first news he had to tell me was of the young birds which were then hatched out. I, of course, must see them at once. There they were, four feathery mites, opening their mouths for the crumbs which they knew would not fail them. One day one of them fell out of its nest, but Burton hunted around in the garden until he found and restored it to its mother. I could not help thinking how impossible it was to associate my little friend with some boys who found delight in robbing the birds, instead of making friends with them, and have written this true story, hoping it will be read by some boys of that class.—Mary A. Nye.

The Humming-bird at Home.

He dropped into our garden like the flying fleck from a rainbow, probed at the geranium blossoms and disappeared as the flash from a whirling mirror, writes William Lovell Finley, in his book, "American Birds." I had often watched him and listened to the musical hum of his wings, as it rose and fell in sweetest cadences. I always had the unsatisfied tinge of disappointment as I was left gazing at the trail of this little shooting star of our garden, that hummed as well as glowed. I wanted to have forever with me this mite that possesses the tiniest soul in feathers.

I have never seen a humming-bird fledgling fall from the nest in advance of his strength as a robin often does. When the time comes, he seems to spring into the air full grown, clad in glittering armor, as Minerva sprang from the head of Jove. While I lay quiet in the bushes I learned the reason. One youngster sat on the nest edge, stretched his wings, combed his tail, lengthened his neck, and preened the feathers of his breast. Then he tried his wings. They began slowly, as if getting up steam. He made them buzz till they fairly lifted him off his feet; he had to hang on to keep from going; he could fly, but the time was not ripe. Each bantling took turns at practicing on the edge of the nest, till they had mastered the art of balancing and rising in the air.

The Nightingale and Glow-worm.

A nightingale, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel—as well he might—
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied, far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, quite eloquent:
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self-same Power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."

The songster heard this short oration,
And warbled out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

William Cowper.

About Robin Red-Breast.

From time out of date birds have had a peculiar attraction for man and have entered into his religion, super-

stition and fireside tales. None is more prominent in ancient tales and legends and none so well known to every one in city or country as the common robin. It has always been regarded as a bird of good omen and its bright, joyous "Cheer up, cheer up, cheery, cheerup" is one of the first signs of spring.

The sight of the common mud and grass nest with its lining of horsehair and other soft bits, strings, ravelings and leaves, is familiar to almost every one. It builds in the low, heavy limbed trees of the garden or orchard and feeds its young on worms, certain insects, and, it must be admitted, fruit and berries of nearly every available kind, a thieving trait which calls down the wrath of many a farmer and gardener. But the investigations of the unprejudiced scientist have shown that there are two sides to this story and that cheerful robin red-breast pays for the fruit he eats by destroying many injurious worms and insects.

The red breast so noticeable in the male has been made the subject of various superstitious stories. One old legend says that this bright red is due to the fact that when our Lord hung upon the cross the robin attended him and supplied some simple wants and, when doing this, some of the blood from His pierced side was sprinkled upon the bird. Since then the robin's breast has always been red. For this reason in former times the robin was regarded with a sort of awe and reverence which caused it to remain unmolected by wicked boys who did not hesitate to rob the nests of other less sacred birds.

Even in this enlightened age the robin is regarded as the possessor of unusual powers and gifts. When red-breast is seen preening his feather and calling forth the notes of his well-known song many people believe it the sign of rain coming within the next twenty-four hours. While the robin cannot be regarded as a never-failing weather prophet, it is undoubtedly true that the change in the atmosphere caused by coming storm may affect it in a manner similar to that which causes chickens and other domestic fowls to preen and oil their feathers before a rain.

A late departure south in the fall is said to show a short winter just as its early flight is thought to indicate a long winter. In spring an early return north is said to mean the end of winter and a late return implies a late spring.

Probably no other bird has been made the subject of more nursery songs and stories than robin red-breast. The "Tale of Cock Robin" has come down, in substance, through many centuries. Hidden back in unnumbered years is the origin of the old nursery song,

"Come robin so merry with breast like a cherry,
For now 'tis the blossoming spring."

Another old child lullaby, relating to the robin, has been in the writer's family for many generations:

"A robin once fled from the wood
To the snug habitation of man,
On the threshold the wanderer stood
And thus his petition began."

The request for food and shelter which follows left a tender feeling for red-breast which the years have never effaced.

Most birds make the world a more beautiful and comfortable place in which to live. Such birds should never be killed for sport, for food or for decoration.

Fear.

By Arhur C .Townsend.

"The Lord pitieth them that fear Him." (Psalms 103:13).

A shivering birdling on the sand,
Untimely fallen from the nest;
I took it up with tender hand,
To place it 'neath its mother's breast.

I felt its heart affrighted bound,
It voiced its terror with a cry;
It leaped and fluttered to the ground,
And hid behind a bush near by.

Next morn I found its body there,
Cold dew upon its unfledged wing;
The bird I'd vainly sought to spare
Would never nest nor soar nor sing.

Had it but known that I was kind,
It might have lived a joyous year;
But sharing not the larger mind,
It perished through protective fear.

When God looks down on armies slain,
Perhaps He drops a pitying tear,
That, using but the birdling brain,
Men perish from protective fear.

The Useful Woodpecker.

Woodpeckers of all kinds should get the full protection of every boy and girl, as they are of inestimable value in destroying the numerous insect pests that would ruin woods and foliage. In Germany the forester and the woodpecker are considered great friends, and it is with pride that the forester points to his little feathered helpers aiding him to improve his "stand of trees."

In nearly all wooded parts of world, woodpeckers are to be found. There are said to be over three hundred species. It is a familiar sight in the orchard or along the roadside to see these birds busily searching for insects to appease their appetite. They are doing a great service by preventing the ravages of the countless enemies of the trees. A tree perfectly clean from insects will never be attacked, and it is only on trees already full of insects that the birds try to get their food. They nest in a small hole cut into the trunk of a tree, and as a rule use for this purpose the decayed remnants of a broken-off limb. They have no nesting material of any kind, and the pure white eggs, generally four or five in number, rest on the soft cushion made out of decayed and soft wood. The old nests afford good shelter for the woodpeckers during the cold and stormy days of winter.

The Wren Family.

By Harriet Ives.

The Wrens are a family of three;
Marsh Wren, and House Wren, Winter Wren—see?
They're wee and winsome,all dressed in brown,
And daintier birds are seldom found.

The Winter Wren is extremely shy,
Its voice a strong melodious cry,
From those who know, I've often heard
'Tis quite as small as a humming-bird.

The Marsh Wren rests where the wet swamps gleam,
Her music low as a bubbling stream,
A nest like cocoanut round it weaves,
Yet hole at the top for entrance leaves.

More friendly yet is the small House Wren,
Who builds near homes or abodes of men.
Busy and hustling, cheery and strong,
It sings to its brood a rare sweet song.

These home-loving birds say unto you
That work with love is happiness true.
This much I will tell you, much more then
You may very well learn from the wee brown wren.

A Song in Your Heart.

Keep a song in your heart, my lassie,
Whatever may be the weather—
Or sunshine or rain or pleasure or pain
Or sunshine and showers together.
Keep singing, no matter how goes it, my dear;
Keep singing when days are surpassingly drear;
Keep singing—the skies will tomorrow be clear.
Keep a song in your heart, my lassie.

Keep a song in your heart, my laddie,
Whatever the years may bring you,
Or 'vantage or loss, a crown or a cross,
Or roses or thorns to sting you.
Keep singing, no mater how goes it, my boy;
Keep singing, 'mid shadows, a carol of joy;
Keep singing, no matter what troubles annoy.
Keep a song in your heart, my laddie.

"Honor Bright."

By Ida Stewart Peay.

The corner grocery-store was the gathering place of the newsboys of the West End. Late one Saturday night they came trooping in quite jubilant.

"We've all had bully sales today, Lawson," they cried out to the rheumatic old shop-keeper, "so trot out your buns."

"That I will, and glad you've had such luck, my boys," their good friend answered them with sympathetic enthusiasm. Then, according to their usual custom, they were all soon absorbed in hearing each others experiences, gobbling buns and counting nickles. Suddenly Sammy, the littlest boy gave a dire cry of alarm.

"Gee!" he gasped his blue eyes bulging and his small thin face flushing bright red under its coat of grime. "Gemminy, crimminy!"

"Well, what in the duce—" began big Tom startled, he had always sort of mothered the littest boy.

"What is it?" pleaded old Lawson, limping quickly towards his favorite lad.

"What's s'matter?" murmured the boys crowding around.

"Sammy had not removed his finger from the last coin he laid down. "It's a—oh— wherever—did—I—a—" his words died out as he pondered soberly. Big Tom gripped his arm, "What's struck you, kid?" he whispered anxiously.

"It's a 'fiver'!" Sammy exclaimed at last, dramatically, and as he lifted his finger from the money on the counter he looked wonderingly around at his companions. There lay a sure enough bright, new, five dollar gold piece.

"Don't that just beat the Dutch!" frowned Sammy his astonishment increasing.

"Is that all's the matter," laughed big Tom, heaving a sigh of relief. "I don't see nuthin' 'bout that to get sick over. I thought you had busted your 'pendix." The other boys tittered, also relieved, and each one had to tell what he thought had happened. Then Sammy gave a little start and began studying the corners of the ceiling with a speculative gaze.

"Expectin' some more to drop down?" giggled Tom, half hysterical after his scare.

"Oh, I know," shouted Sammy ignoring Tom's jest, "That's it!" he cried, and as the burden of mystery passed out of his small fine face his clear blue eyes beamed with the light of discovery. "It was on the corner of 2nd South and Main," the boy continued talking more to himself than to the others, "he was a smart fixed up guy, pretty old though, big chunky nose, little eyes, not much lips, lots of chin and grey hair. Oh, I'd know him if I saw him again. I took a good look at him because I thought he was talking about me to a man that was with him. Yep, I'd know him."

"Know who?" questioned the chums in chorus.

"The feller 'at give me that five," explained the boy.

"What do you want to know him for?" demanded big Tom meaningly.

"To give him back his mon', a 'course," answered Sammy in a matter

of fact tone as he coolly returned the big boy's gaze.

"Are you batty? Have you lost your grip?" Tom gasped out in surprise. "Don't you know he was some old rich guy that has more money than he knows how to blow in? He was just throwing that out to light his pockets. He thinks no more of a five than you do of a penny."

"Hum you don't know rich folks," grunted old Lawson scornfully. You sure don't know rich men. They don't throw away no money."

"Well," Tom dragged the word out defensively, "anyhow he won't miss it any more'n you'd miss a bone you'd sling to a hungry dog. You hang on to your 'V', kid, you can't afford to throw away such luck as that."

"He thought he was giving me a nickle," meditated Sammy accounting to himself for the happening more than as a reply to Tom.

"Don't matter," declared the leader with stumph speech oratory, "That was his look out. You're winner this time."

"I don't want nuthin' I've not earned," said Sammy in the obstinate little way the boys all knew perfectly well.

"Pooh," Tom jeered, "You've not stole it. He give it to you. Now squeeze on to it. That's the thing to do ain't it, Lawson?"

"Wall, no," drawled the litle grocer, thoughtfully. "Sammy's right but 'taint likely he'll ever see the man again. An' if he don't he might could use the money."

"I will see him again," Sammy affirmed doggedly. He enjoyed having them all against him then he would always hang to his point like a bull-terrier. Now they looked at him curiously.

"Expectin' some more to drop down?" giggled Tom, half hysterical after his scare.

"How'd you know?" they asked.

"I'll find him," Sammy spoke simply enough, he always did, but he lifted his chin a little higher.

"You've gone daffy," growled Tom. "You're not that feller's guardian. It's not your job to be rightin' his blunders. I guess he can stand for his own carelessness, can't he, kids?"

The boys all "guessed" he could. They "reckoned" he'd be lost a long time before they'd hunt him.

"Why it's an amazin' streak of luck," insisted Tom, "an' you ought to spend the hull pile tomorra'. Lookee here, kid," he spoke rather roughly to hide the tenderness he felt for the littlest boy, "if that rich guy vould see this here coat," he tugged at the article mentioned, which was much too large for the wearer shabby and cold," and these leaky boots; if he knew you didn't have no ma nor dad either, and that you hadn't had a square meal for a month, he wouldn't begrudge you the money. Why, kid, just think," pleaded the eloquent Tom, "with five whole plunks you could buy you a bran-fired new suit, and $2.00 shoes, shirt and under-riggens. Whew! Did you ever have a whole new outfit bought for yourself?" The mere possibility of such a thing made big Tom's eyes pop.

Sammy owned dryly that he never had, then he closed his mouth tight and narrowed his eyes to keep Tom's picture from taking effect on his imagination; but after a moment he spoke up stoutly, "When I do I'll earn it myself."

"Well, you never stole this, did you?" scoffed Tom indignantly.

"Nope, but it's not mine," protested the littlest boy pulling gently away from his tempter, for he knew Tom only wished to be kind. "Here, Lawson," he smiled reaching the stray "five" across the counter and winking slyly at the old grocer-man, "give us a nickle's worth of candy, five centavos belongs to me any how." Sammy passed the candy freey to his palls but the four dollars and ninty-five cents change he wrapped carefully in some paper and sunk it deep into his pocket. "I'll salt it down 'till I scent his track," he playfully swaggered and starting for the door sang out gaily, "Come on, kids, let's turn in." His friend Tom stood motionless, speechless for a moment watching the lad to the door, then he whispered admiringly to the other boys, "'ain't the little devil got sand, though?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Robin who did not Mind.

By Elsie C. Carroll.

It was a beautiful, sunshiny morning in early April. Charlie was busy digging in his little garden when a flash of scarlet caught his eye. He let his little spade fall to the ground and stood watching. The flash came again, and there right on the lawn, a few rods away from him, a fine big robin lighted, and began hunting for a nice, juicy worm for his breakfast.

It was the first robin Charlie had seen that spring though he had been watching for nearly two weeks. He tip-toed to the door and called in an excited whisper,

"Oh, mama, come and see!"

Mama left her ironing and came to the door. Mr. Robin was strutting up and down the lawn, cocking his head first on one side and then on the other as if he were saying:

"Have you noticed my pretty red vest?"

Presently he ducked his head down into the grass and pulled up a long, wriggling angle worm. He flew to the fence, where he perched while he ate his breakfast, then with another twist of his sleek head he flitted to the apple tree.

"Perhaps he is hunting for a place to build his nest," said mama.

"Oh, do you think he will build in my tree?" asked Charlie, delightedly. Charlie claimed the apple tree because it was close by the window of his room. Every spring he watched eagerly for the birds, hoping some of them would choose his tree. Nearly every year there had been a family or two of sparrows living in the tree and once a Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird had chosen it for their home, but not once since Charlie could remember had there been a robin's house.

Mama went back to her ironing, but Charlie remained watching Mr. Robin. Apparently, Mama was right; he was looking for a building spot. He flew first to one branch, then another, cock-

ing his head wisely from side to side, as if studying the advantages and disadvantages of each location. How Charlie wished he might help him decide. There was the finest place in the world for a nest in the forks of two limbs just opposite and below his window. Oh, if Mr. Robin would only build there he could watch the little speckled eggs and the little baby birds every day. But even while Charlie was hoping, the robin flew to the cherry tree down in the lot and began surveying it with the same critical attention he had given the apple tree. From here he flew over into Bobby Furgeson's garden and was lost to sight.

Charlie went into the house not a little disappointed.

"I guess he didn't like my tree," he complained. He's gone to Bobby's garden now, and Bobby hasn't any nice apple tree for him to live in like I have."

"Never mind, dear. He was just looking around today. He is sure to come back and bring Mrs. Robin before he finally decides."

This somewhat consoled Charlie, and he kept his eyes open watching for the return. Nearly a week had passed and there had been no sign of Mr. Robin. Charlie was about to give up hope. Then one morning he was awakened by a lively chatter just outside his window. Quickly he slipped from his bed and over to the window. The sight that met his eyes set his heart to beating with happy excitement.

There in his tree was Mr. Robin and his demure little wife, in the liveliest kind of discussion over the best place for the nest. Mr. Robin seemed to favor a branch away out on the tree farthest from the house. He would hop about then settle on that place and give a loud and convincing bird-argument in its favor; but Mrs. Robin evidently was very modern and believed in feminine equality, for she favored the identical spot Charlie would have chosen, and would not move from it. There she sat, telling in the most persuasive bird language what a perfectly splendid place it was for a nest. At last Mr. Robin must have decided that it was of no use to argue with a woman, for he came over by his little mate and after a little bird love scene they began singing as if their little throats would split, then they flew off in search of building material.

Just then Mama called from the foot of the stairs for Charlie to come to breakfast. He hurried down with his glad news. As soon as his morning chores were done, he hurried back to watch the birds. The nest was already started. The robins flitted happily about, hunting sticks and strings and bits of cloth and wool which they wove together with swift bird skill. Charlie was so grateful for the choice they had made, that he decided to help them. Very cautiously he would drop pieces of cotton and feathers and scraps of cloth onto the limb near the nest when they were away. Mama cautioned him not to try to help too much or he might frighten them away.

In a few days the nest was done. Then one morning when Charlie peeped into it, he saw a cunning little speckled blue egg. He was almost as happy as the birds themselves, and he actually hunted some fat worms for their dinner, which he lay quietly on the window sill. The next morning there were twin eggs in the nest, and the day afterwards there were three. Then the mother began to sit on them and Charlie knew the baby birds would soon be hatched. The mother did not sing so much now, but Mr. Robin would sit near her and warble song after song. Once or twice every day he would sit on the eggs to keep them warm while the mother flew away for a little exercise, or to the fountain for a drink and a bath.

Eagerly Charlie waited for the little birds. One day he came up from his garden and peeped out of the window. The mother Robin was gone and there in the nest were three big, gap-

ing mouths attached to a little scrawny something that must be the baby birds. Charlie was somewhat disappointed in the appearance of these babies, but Mama, who had been called up to the window, assured him that they would improve as they became older.

How hungry those babies were! It kept the father and mother and Charlie all busy to supply their wants.

Mama was right. They did improve in looks as the days went by. Soft, shiny feathers soon covered their bodies and their mouths did not seem so out of proportion to the rest of them.

Finally they were large and strong enough that the parents thought it was time they were learning to fly. Charlie watched the instructions with never-tiring interest. The father would get a fine big worm and sit with it on a bough a little distance from the nest. Then the mother would hover near, coaxing and urging the babies to fly for it. How timid and clumsy they seemed! They wanted that worm, Oh, so badly, but the task to get it seemed too great. They would get nearly onto the edge of the nest, then go toppling back in. At last, one day, one, who seemed a little stronger than his brothers, fluttered clumsily to the bough and received the prize. The father and mother sang his praise so loudly that Charlie felt sorry for his brothers and hurried away to find some worms for them.

Now, this success made Big Brother Robin very proud. His father and mother had warned him and his brothers many times that they must never leave the nest even when they could fly a little, unless they were there. Because a big, naughty, yellow cat sometimes played under the apple tree and they were afraid their babies might fall to the ground.

One day when the parents were away, Big Brother began to boast that he could fly and his timid brothers could not. "Just watch me," he said, as he climbed to the edge of the nest.

Charlie was watching from the window and he heard the frightened brothers plead with him to mind their father and mother. But Big Brother thought because he had flown to a near branch two or three times he knew all about flying. He paid no attention to the entreaties of his brothers, but after balancing himself he fluttered unsteadily to the nearest bough.

"See me! See me!" he chirped proudly, and he thought how envious his brothers must be. He felt so sure of himself that he decided to fly to another branch a little farther away. "See me! See me!" he chirped again, and lifted his wings. The branch was farther away than it had looked. He gave a frightened call as his wings refused to keep him up and he went tumbling to the ground. Charlie thought of the cat and looked down. Sure enough, Tabby was there. She saw the little bird drop, and she was preparing to spring upon him. The brothers were calling excitedly. The father and mother heard their cries and came hurrying home in great fear. Charlie yelled, "scat! scat!" and went rushing down stairs. Tabby stopped with one paw on the frightened bird. Charlie seized a stick and drove her away, and then he picked up the trembling bird. One of the wings was hurt. The father and mother were fluttering and crying about in great alarm. Charlie carried the little bird carefully upstairs and placed it tenderly back into the nest.

In a few days the two little brother birds were flying all about, and were even hunting worms for themselves in the garden, but it was a long time before Big Brother could fly at all, and always the wing which was hurt when he disobeyed his father and mother, was a little lame. Perhaps that is why Charlie never forgot the lesson taught by the Robin who did not mind.

Woolly Sheep and the Sunbeam Fairy.

By Elsie C. Carroll.

Woolly Sheep lingered behind the flock, nibbling discontentedly at the short, tender grass, first on one side of her, then on the other.

"I hate this long journey," she complained to herself. "Here we must leave the nice, grassy mountainside and be driven day after day down into the hot, dusty valley. Then we must be shut up in a horrid corral and have our nice, warm coats taken from us. I don't see what's the use of it all. We are driven back again to the mountains and left in peace until our coats are long, and then the performance is repeated. I wish I was a tree or a brook or something of use in the world."

"Shall I tell you what's the use of it all?" said a voice, and Woolly Sheep looked up in surprise. She thought she was alone, and even now she could see no one.

"Well, who and where are you?" asked Woolly Sheep, at last, in amazement.

"I am a Sunbeam Fairy and I am sitting on this sunbeam just over your head."

"Well, still I cannot see you, but if you can tell me what use I am in the world I shall be glad to hear it."

"Very well," the Fairy replied. "I was here when you come down from the mountains last spring. I followed you to the 'horrid corral,' as you call it, and saw them take off your beautiful, white coat. Now I will tell you what was done with it."

"I saw it placed with a good many more coats in a large sack. Then it was taken on a wagon with a number of other sacks to the railroad. It was placed into a car and carried to a distant city. I saw the sacks unloaded near a large factory. Your coat was placed into a great tub and washed until it was as white as snow. Then it was sent to a big room full of strange machinery. It was put through one machine that picked the fibers apart and made them soft and fluffy. Into another machine it went, and another, until it finally came out in a soft, fine thread. The threads were wound onto large spools and taken to another part of the factory. Here another machine wove it into beautiful white cloth.

"The cloth was washed and stretched and dried and wrapped into a smooth bolt. Then it was sent to a large store. Here it was placed upon a shelf with hundreds of other bolts of cloth.

"One day I saw a beautiful lady go into the store. She told the clerk she wanted something to make her baby a coat. The clerk took the bolt from your wool and placed it on the counter. The woman exclaimed over its soft, white beauty. 'It is just what I want,' she said, and she had part of it measured off.

"She took the cloth home, and I peeped through her window and saw her cutting and sewing and finally, when the pretty white coat was done, she put it on a sweet little baby and said, 'Now my pet won't freeze.'

"That was only one of the coats of wool you have given up to clothe some little child and keep it from being cold. Sometimes your wool is made into stockings and sweaters and blankets. Oh, you are of much use to the world, Woolly Sheep, but see the flock is getting ahead of you.

"Thank you, Sunbeam Fairy," said Woolly Sheep, thoughtfully. I will hurry now to the corral down in the dusty valley. Perhaps some little child is needing the nice warm coat I can give him," and she trotted happily away to overtake her brothers and sisters.

The Children's Budget Box.

A True Story.

"Another story," pleaded little Johnnie Mills, after he was tucked away in his white blankets. "An Indian story this time, please;" and according to the custom of the Mills' household grandpa began.

"Well, in the year 1866, my father and family lived in a little place called Kanab, but was advised to move away because the Indians were very dangerous. The people went to Long Valley in April; and here nearly all of them planted crops.

"They were advised to move again and settle near St. George. My father with others, left their crops and went to Toquerville.

"In the following October the men folks decided to go back to Long Valley and gather the crops they left growing nicely in June.

"They took a friendly Piute Indian, called Moze, for a guide, and a woman, Sister Campbell, to do their cooking.

"Imagine my delight when I learned I was to go also and drive an ox team. A very few people had horses in those days, and no one had any on this trip but John and William Berry.

"We found our crops in good condition and ready for harvesting. We also found the herd of swine that had been turned loose to pick their living when we left.

"The grain was gathered, the corn husked and shelled; the last day out the hogs were killed and dressed. The men were well pleased with their two weeks work and were satisfied their wives would be when they saw the loaded wagons.

"The last night in Long Valley we all sat around the camp-fire planning an early start and complimenting ourselves on our good work. The conversation drifted back as usual to the Indians. A certain person asked John Berry if the Indians should attack us what he would do with his fine bay. He said he would be very excited but would hold on to Jonah.

"The question was asked how he could help himself; and he answered outright, 'I would shoot him of course.'

"Next worning we arose early, ate a hurried breakfast, and set out for Toquerville. All went fairly well until reaching the sand hills caled the Elephants. We could go no farther until morning, so camped for the night.

"We spent nearly all next day taking wagons across the sand and coming back for others with about four teams. About four o'clock in the afternoon my father accompanied by myself, went with a wagon, and was returning for another when, about half way, we met the Berry boys taking a load with their horses. But before reaching the other side a boy came and said the Indians were shooting the men who had just taken the loads to the other side of the hills. We thought this a false alarm for we had been back and forth two or three times and had seen no sign of Indians; however, John Berry soon rode up on a horse with Brother Stevenson on behind him. We learned from them that the Indians were laying in the brush ready to come out when the horse teams arrived. The men had guns and tried to defend themselves but in vain, for the Indians had shot Brother Stevenson in the chest.

"John Berry had not shot Jonah but left his fine bay to his fate with the Indians. John Brown grew very much excited and suggested that we all go and fight the Indians. He started once or twice and when no one would follow he cried, 'Oh don't be cowards!' but with this Brother Harris called him back, and said, 'See here, boys, don't be too anxious to fight; we have a wounded man here that will probably die any moment, and a woman also to defend. We can not leave them here alone, and it is getting dark. What if the Indians should attack us again, would we be ready to defend ourslves? No we would not. I say let us go and find some shelter until morning. Use a little judgment.' John Brown then came back, saying he would not go alone."

This made Johnnie a little restless and he could see Indians bobbing and jerking their heads out of every corner of the room, but was very anxious to hear the end.

After gathering a little breath grandfather continued:

"With the guide Indian, Moze, we started to find a secure place for the night. Moze kept taking us farther and farther, acting very strangely. We suspected he was a traitor and telling him so, commanded him to leave us. We then went in a different direction, being forced to travel very slowly with our wounded man.

"We had been wandering about a wee when we reached home very tired of our experience. So we sent some men to get our teams and wagons. They emptied the grain that was left on the

ground and charged father a cow for bringing home his two empty wagons.

"Brother Stevenson did not die for many years after that, but the lead was never removed from his chest."

Lydia E. Pace,
Woodruff,
Navajo, Co.,
Age 11 years. Arizona.

By Alonzo Morley,
Age 12. Moroni, Utah.

By G. C. Sorgatz,
Age 12. Pocatello, Idaho.

Utah.

Out among those lofty mountains,
In the region of the West,
With her lakes and silver fountains,
I love dear old Utah best.
With her temples tall and mystic,
Pointing upward to the sky;
With her mountain peaks majestic,
Towering 'mid the clouds so high.
Where those crystal streams are flowing,
And the cataracts leap free;
Freedom's winds are always blowing,
O'er the land of liberty.
Like a bird I'm always pining,
O'er those hills once more to roam;
Where those little lakes are shining,
I will always make my home.

When o'er distant land you're roaming,
And on the shining rolling deep;
Think how Utah lakes are foaming,
Wild against the rocky steep.
'T was a land of desolation,
With her plains and dry foot-hills;
Now the star of all the nation,
With her mountain glens and rills.

King Hendricks,
Age 14. Richmond, Utah.

By G. C. Sorgatz,
Age 12. Pocatello, Idaho.

Spring.

'Tis the coming of spring with its gown of green,
When grass and leaves and lawns are seen.
We are all happy for the cold winter's gone,
Flowers are blooming and leaves coming on,
We're tired of winter and glad of the spring.
Which has come with its glory, it will joy to us bring.

John Reed Lauritzen.
Age 12.

Contributor Discovered.

In our March number we printed a picture entitled, "Fishing," by an unknown contributor. We learn that the drawing was made by Miss Naomi Barlow, of Woods Cross, Utah.

Those who send in contributions should write their names on the back of the pictures or articles.

Polly Winkums

By Jane Adams Parker.

IV.

A DEAR little with two red lips, two big blue eyes, rosy cheeks as round as , and here's a little . Now paint the long curls and eyebrows brown, and you have a picture of Grandma Winkums's little granddaughter, Helen. Now, Helen lived in the little red across the street from Grandma's. And, oh! such fun Helen and Grandma and Polly did have. Polly was sitting on the back of a tall looking out of the . Just then Helen ran out of her and down the . She looked up at Polly and waved her and ran off as fast as her little could go.

Grandpa Winkums had left the open just a tiny crack. Out flew Polly after Helen as fast as her could go. Bye and bye, Helen stopped; took an envelope from her pocket; ran up some stairs and put the on the porch. Polly flew to a branch of a and watched her. "Ha-ha," she thought, "Helen has left Grandma's at the wrong ." "Ding-dong, ding-dong,"

went the big . Off Helen ran to school with some other little .

Down flew Polly Winkums and took the valentine in her bill. Back she went and put it in Grandma Winkums's letter . Then in at the she flew and sat on the back of the again, as if nothing had happened.

Bye and bye, Grandma Winkums peeped her head in. "Why, Grandpa Winkums," she called, "you left the door open --- might have flown away." "Bless my heart," she cried, as her eye caught sight of the mail box. "Some one has left us a valentine." Grandpa Winkums put on his . Grandma Winkums took the and cut open the , and there was a pretty with a wreath of forget-me-nots on it and a big bow of ribbon. "What little or dropped this " asked Grandpa Winkums.

Grandma Winkums shook her . "I don't know," she said. "If I did, I would bake a little in a dear little pan, put it on a pretty little and give it to her."

The Funny Bone.

The War Had Taught Him.

Waiter: "And will you take macaroni au gratin, sir?"

Captain of Artillery: "No macaroni—by gad! It's too doocid difficult to mobolize."—London Opinion.

Never Fazed Him.

Jim: "My sister had a fright yesterday. She had a black spider run up her arm."

Bob: "That is nothing, I had a sewing machine run up the seam of my pants today."—Bert W. Culbertson, Mississippi.

Got Just What He Wanted.

"Will you let me off this afternoon, sir?" asked a clerk in a dry-goods store; "my wife wants me to beat some carpets."

"Couldn't possibly do it," said the boss.

The clerk turned joyfully to his work, saying: "Thank you, sir. Thank you a thousand times."

Getting Back at Her.

The teacher, a lady of uncertain age, was having a hard time teaching Johnny the names of the Presidents.

"Why, when I was your age," she said disgustedly, "I could recite the names of the Presidents backward and forward."

"Yes'm,' said Johnny, "but when you was my age dey wasn't so many Presidents."

Essay on Habit.

A story is told of an English schoolmaster who offered a prize to the boy who should write the best composition in five minutes on "How to Overcome Habit."

At the expiration of five minutes the compositions were read. The prize went to a lad of nine years. Following is his essay:

"Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. It you take off the first letter, it does not change "abit.' If you take off another, you will have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not wholly used up; all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether."—Edna Larcom Goldsmith, Massachusetts.

Preparedness.

"My spring hat will be of battleship gray."

"How about the armament, my dear?"

"I think three hatpins plenty."

Loved too Well.

Mama: "You know, Johnny, when mama whips her little boy, she does it for his own good."

Johnny: "Mama, I wish you didn't think quite so much of me."

Loaded.

Father (trying to give a concealed dose) :"Well, well, you are a funny boy. Why this sudden and extraordinary dislike for jam "

Son: "'Cos I believe it's mined."

The First Favor.

Mark Twain was once standing in a crowded street car, hanging to a strap. As the car swung round a corner the strap broke, landing him in the lap of a well-dressed woman. The humorist rose and bowed.

"Madam," said he, "this is the first time the street car company ever conferred a favor on me."

Exact Duplicate.

When Rastus Johnsing's son was born
He looked jist like his poppy.
In fact the doctor, he dun said
He was a carbon copy.

Twisting Things.

Two correspondents wrote to a country editor desiring to know, respectively, "the best way of assisting twins through the teething'" and "how to rid an orchard of grasshoppers."

The editor answered both questions faithfully, but, unfortunately, got the initials mixed, so that the fond father of the teething twins was thunderstruck by the following advice:

"If you are unfortunate enough to be plagued by these unwelcome little pests, the quickest way of settling them is to cover them with straw and set it on fire."

The other man, who was bothered with grasshoppers, was equally amazed to read: "The best method of treatment is to give each a warm bath twice a day, and rub their gums with India rubber,"

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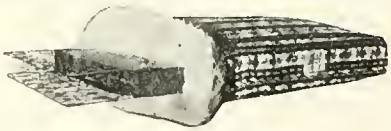

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—Henry Ward Beecher.

The Fudge that Alice made

ALICE (to her chum): "Let's make some fudge."

HER CHUM: "That will be splendid; but we have only Utah-Idaho Sugar and I don't know whether it will make good fudge."

ALICE: "Have you ever tried it?"

HER CHUM: "No!"

ALICE: "You are a nice lady to condemn a product before you try it. I'll show you that the best fudge of all is made from Utah-Idaho Sugar."

And she did show her.

HER CHUM: "I never dreamed that Utah-Idaho Sugar was so good."

ALICE: "You are like hundreds of others. But people are learning what a wonderfully fine product Utah-Idaho Sugar is. And, as they learn they call for—

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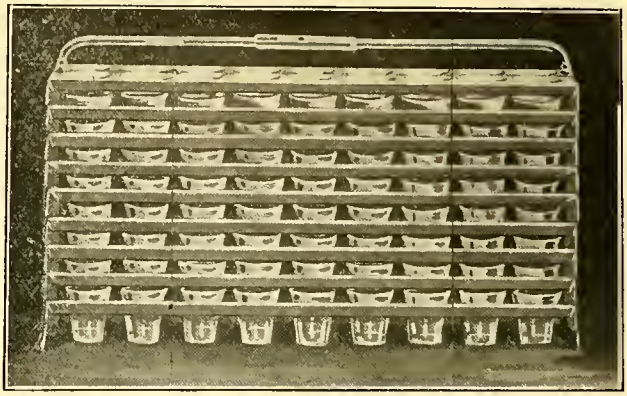

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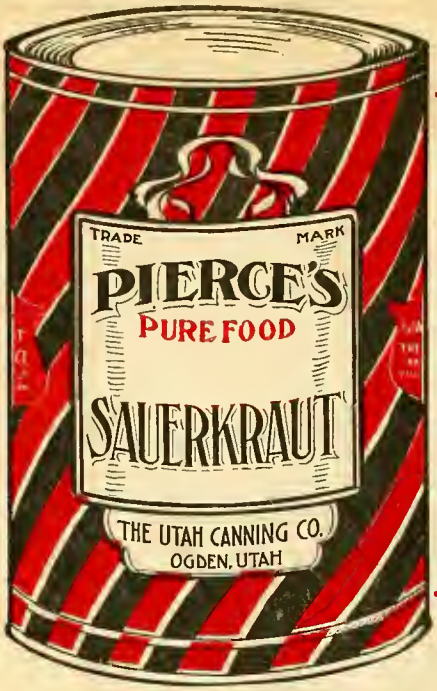

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